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# APOLLO



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### **APOLLO**

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Vol. VII. No. 41 CONTENTS							May		1928	
										PAGE
The Holford Collection. By WILLIAM G	IBSON									197
"Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." By J. B. MAN	son									205
Eric Gill: A Religious Sculptor in the N	Iodern World.	By R. H	. W.							206
A Loan Exhibition in New York. By T.	ANCRED BORENIUS			0.0						212
Battersea Enamels and the Anti-Gallican	Society. By Eg.	AN MEW								216
The Art of Lady Patricia Ramsay. By I	R. H. WILENSKI			* •	* *					222.
Letter from Paris. By André Salmon										225
Letter from Berlin. By OSCAR BIE										229
Book Reviews										231
Music of the Month. By H. E. WORTH	AM									237
Art News and Notes. By HERBERT FURS	ir						**			239
LIST OF	FULL-PAG	GE CO	LOU	R P	LATI	ES				
Portrait of a Nobleman. By Justus Sust	TERMANS							F	rontis	piece
Portrait of the Young Man with a Cleft			N RYN					To face	e page	200
Original Sketch for "Déjeuner sur l'Herl	be." By EDOUAR	D MANET						23	33	205
Portrait of a Carthusian Monk. By PETR	us Christus							33	33	212
View at Kandy, Ceylon. By LADY PATRI								33	-	224
Adoration of the Magi. By GERARD DAY								22	23	0
Richmond Park, Winter 1914. By Spend								22		238

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#### THE HOLFORD COLLECTION

By WILLIAM GIBSON



DORDRECHT ON THE MAAS

Albert Cuv

HE final portion of the Holford collection comes up for sale at Christie's on May 17 and 18. It consists chiefly of pictures by Dutch and Flemish artists. Of the early Flemish painters Joos van Cleef is at his most charming in his "Virgin and Child with St. Joseph (No. 8),\* the best of a number of versions of the subject. Joos was never a painter of profound religious feeling; the attraction of his pictures lies in their prettiness and charm. In respect of these qualities this picture leaves nothing to be desired. There is no hint left of the forced mannerism of his earlier " Deaths of the Virgin" at Munich and Cologne, and he does not spoil his effect by forcing his Virgin's expression to the unsightly grin of the Cambridge picture. The technical delicacy and purity exquisitely support his love of pretty things, the crystals with which the Child plays and the orange and knife which appear in so many of his pictures.

Mr. Fry has shown us the importance of Peter Christus in grasping the Italian idea of plastic construction as opposed to the Flemish idea of a linear design mapped out on a flat surface. In his portrait here (No. 9) Christus' plastic construction is more successful than usual. In the chin alone one finds perhaps signs of that technical weakness which prevented

him from making the fullest use of the new idea. As Mr. Fry pointed out, there is a close resemblance in the portrait to the work of Antonello da Messina. Antonello is supposed to have learnt the van Eyck oil technique from Christus when they were both working for the Duke of Milan, and his portraits show what he gained in this respect. This portrait shows what Christus gained in exchange.

Mr. A. van de Put has identified the portrait by Mabuse (No. 12) as that of David of Burgundy, one of the sons of Philip the Good and half-brother therefore of Philip, Mabuse's patron, who later became Bishop of Utrecht, a see which David had occupied. David died in 1498, so that this is presumably a posthumous work, belonging as it does to Mabuse's later style and not to that of Mr. Hirsch's portrait or the elaboration of the National Gallery "Adoration," both painted before Mabuse's visit to Italy in 1508. This would account for the lack of lively characterization, which used to be taken as a sign that the picture was painted about 1530 when Mabuse's powers had declined.

The Rubens study (No. 37) for the "Elevation of the Cross" altarpiece in Antwerp Cathedral, painted 1610–1611, shows how soon after his return from Italy Rubens had developed his conception of pictorial composition. The group around the cross swings powerfully back along a diagonal line to be supported by

<sup>\*</sup>The numbers given in this review are those of Christie's

the tree. From this the eye is led more gently back to the foreground by the figures of the Virgin and St. John and the left foreground group, the latter echoing the right to left receding diagonal of the cross. On the right the horsemen in the foreground and the thieves and executioners in the background play a similar part. The groups are beautifully

but it is a greater work and of the first rank as containing a very great pictorial idea. The simple effectiveness of the line in the foreground figures, leading the eye in a curve back to the perfectly related central group of St. Paul, the executioner and the woman about to cover the saint's eyes; the counter-theme of the outstretched arms of the former group



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

Petrus Christus

related to one another in space and their relationship is perfectly expressed. It is superior to the finished picture which appears cramped in comparison.

The small sketch of a "Martyrdom of St. Paul" (No. 38) is a study for an altarpiece which was in the Rouge Cloître near Brussels and destroyed by the French in 1696. It is very much rougher than the "Elevation,"

moving directly inwards to the central group; and the line of the soldier's spear, playing a part in reinforcing the curving line, opposing the movement of the outstretched arms and marking definitely the relationship in depth between the foreground and central groups, have that subtlety and perfection which characterize the work of genius. One is apt with Reynolds to think of Rubens as a master of a

rhetoric, so powerful as momentarily to overwhelm one's judgment, but only of rhetoric, essentially superficial, so that soon his effectiveness is over and one's proper judgment returns. But in a study like this one sees what profundity, what subtlety Rubens was capable of, that he was not merely an amazingly powerful rhetorician and perhaps the world's greatest executant in paint, but a very great artist. His ability as a draughtsman is well illustrated in the fine drawing of his second

wife (No. 3).

Other examples of Northern painters shown to their best advantage are the Adrian van Ostade "Interior" (No. 28) and the Teniers "Skittle Players" (No. 57). In the Ostade the figures are united by a very able study of light which gives a remarkable feeling of intimacy to the presentation of the scene; in this respect it is superior to the other excellent "Interior" (No. 29). It has also Ostade's beauty of paint and quiet but rich colour at their best. The Teniers is far above the level of the rather tiresome pictures with which one usually associates his name. Once one gets over the almost pathological gracelessness of his figures, a gracelessness which curiously is absent from his duller pictures of which "Le Bonnet Blanc" (No. 54) is an example, one sees that the picture is very interestingly organized, and organized in space



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG John Opie, R.A. MAN, READING



PORTRAIT OF DAVID OF BURGUNDY

By Mabuse

in a way which is lacking from his more polished performances. One imagines that it is in this sort of thing that Teniers was really interested. His Italianate horrors, such as "The Triumph of Venus" (No. 57), were done because he thought it was done to do them, and the intermediates such as "Le Bonnet Blanc" were an attempt to make the best of both worlds. There is a third Adrian Ostade which like the other two is signed. In subject matter, "Outside of a Village Inn" (No. 28), it curiously resembles the work of Isaac.

When one turns to the landscapes one finds in the Dutch section Cuyp's "Dordrecht on the Maas" (No. 10), the outstanding picture of the sale from the artistic point of view. The Dutch painters set up a substitute for classical landscape and its use of natural forms for purely formal purposes. In accordance with their aims in figure painting they made the actual scene before their eyes their subject, namely nature and nature's moods. The admirable little Ruysdael "Le Coup de Soleil" (No. 40) and the Gaspar Poussin



PORTRAIT OF MARTIN LOOTEN

Rembrandt van Ryn

"Tivoli: a Rhapsody" (No. 135) illustrate the point. The painter of the former was occupied in portraying the ray of sunlight which breaks through the clouds on this dull rainy day and in expressing the emotional effect of the phenomenon. The painter of the latter used the forms of nature to build up a very rhythmical formal design, for Gaspar is a much underrated painter and deserves very much more notice than he is generally given; as an instance this particular picture is a worthy kinsman to Nicolas' "Phocion" landscape in the Louvre, to which it has a curious resemblance. And notice for the purpose in hand how he used the sunlight,

not for its own sake but to express the recession of the plane of the ground and to emphasize the

PORTRAIT OF A MAN HOLDING A TORAH Rembrandt van Ryn breaking of this plane by the rocks.

The Dutch were pioneers in the movement to express nature, and their technique, founded on that of the classical painters, is imperfectly suited to their purpose. The greatest of them is Cuyp, whose technique in his average picture is more suitable than that of most. But in this particular view of Dordrecht he reaches a level above his average; his technique is perfectly adapted to the expression of the atmosphere. The forms are held together atmospherically by the grey of the sky used as a basis to them all. Over this the buildings of the town are broadly indicated by darker paint where required, and finally the points where the light catches the buildings are painted in. This method of building up the forms when combined with Cuyp's unerring sense of tone values perfectly expresses the atmosphere of the scene. A vibrancy is added to the light by the breaking up of the surfaces by little touches of paint, noticeable particularly in the brightlylit buildings before the windmill. The











method here is something similar to that of Rembrandt in his treatment, say, of hair in the pictures of about 1650 and produces the same effect of live The treatment of the paint as a whole comes as a fresh exciting thing, not only in studying seventeenth - century Holland but in comparing it with painting at any time. Finally, the tone values have an abstract lyrical rhythm of amazing beauty apart from their function of suggesting recessions and atmosphere.

Another interesting landscape is the little "L'Eau qui dort" (No. 152) attributed to Elsheimer. The title well describes the particular mood of nature which the artist has so ably caught. The attribution appears a little uncertain, but as far as merit is concerned the picture is worthy of the German painter living in Rome who influenced so many of the artists interested in expressing nature.

Rembrandt is represented in all the phases of his art in the four portraits in the collection. There is the portrait of the unknown " Martin Looten," whose name appears on the paper he holds, together with the date 1632 and several undecipherable words; the work of Rembrandt rapidly becoming the fashionable portrait painter on his arrival in Amsterdam and already rivalling such painters as Moreelse, an example of whose work we have for comparison in the "Portrait of a Lady" (No. 23), inscribed on the back "Beatrice of Nassau." The Rembrandt is marked by a curious feature common in his work at this time, a weak, clumsy

drawing of the hands which contrasts with the masterful construction of the head. The same defect is present again in his "Jan Pellicorne" at Hertford House. Looten is almost identical in pose with the "Treasurer"



LA MARCHESA CATARINA DURAZZO

Sir Anthony Van Dyck

of the Havemayer collection, except that the latter holds a money bag and is hatless. He looks like him too, and has as good claims to be considered the subject of both portraits as the sitter in "The Man holding the Torah"

(No. 36) has to be Rembrandt. Rembrandt's self-portraits vary considerably, and I am not prepared to say whether this is one or not. The picture is signed and dated 1644; certainly the sitter has heavier eyebrows than any other self-portrait of about this date.

Although the treatment is fine and subtle the painting of the head is less profound than in most of his contemporary portraits. One feels that the artist has concentrated on the textures and lights with which the dress and a Young Man," painted some say about 1652, others about 1658. There is again a to-do about the identity of the sitter. He is something like Titus, but then he has a cleft chin, which feature he shares with a similar young man in the Louvre. Furthermore those in favour of the earlier date point out resemblances of handling to the "Bruningh" at Cassel, dated that year, as ruling out Titus who was born in 1641. The subject in both this and the Louvre picture appears much



OUTSIDE A VILLAGE INN

Adriaen van Ostade

the torah have provided him. It was at this period that Rembrandt threw aside his fashionable portrait painting and gave himself up to developing an art expressive of his own particular genius. This picture strikes one less as a portrait than as an exercise in the manipulation of light and the textures of paint, undertaken in something approaching the spirit in which he painted his oxen from the butcher's shop.

If we omit the controversial "Portrait of a Lady" (No. 35), which at best is not Rembrandt at his, there is finally the "Portrait of older than Titus in portraits which, to judge by age, must have been painted no earlier than 1656 and which cannot on technical grounds be later than 1658. On the technical reasons for dating the picture 1652 the experts must decide. Certainly the picture differs in many respects from the Hertford House "Titus" of about 1657. Not only is it much less luminous, but the shadow on the face is painted in quite a different manner, much more close in its glaze of rather muddy colour to that of some of the earlier pictures. The hair too is treated in quite a different way.

#### The Holford Collection

Among the other portraits are a fine series of Sustermans, noticeable among which are Nos. 43 and 46, both female portraits, and above all others the magnificent portrait (No. 42) supposedly of Cardinal Gian Carlo de Medici, for Sustermans was painter to the Florentine Court. This shows Sustermans at his very highest level and forms an interesting contrast with Van Dyck at his in the "Abbé

combining of rich texture with colour is evident in the painting of the crimson cloak in the fine Velazquez full-length of Philip IV (No. 147). The other bust portrait of Philip (No. 148) is one of many versions of the National Gallery picture by Velazquez and probably by one of his followers.

A good portrait by an artist influenced by Van Dyck is the "Prince Rupert in the Robes



LE COUP DE SOLEIL

Jacob van Ruisdael

Scaglia" of 1634 (No. 61). The latter has all the grace of pose of which Van Dyck was capable together with a beautiful scheme of rich colour in the blue-black dress and brown curtain. In the painting of the texture and colour of these draperies one sees the lesson learnt from Titian. It is in this respect that the picture differs most markedly from the Sustermans.

Just this same lesson from Titian in the

of the Garter " (No. 43). As he was given the Garter in 1642 at the age of twenty-three we have that as roughly the date of the picture. The portrait used to be attributed to Honthorst though it appears very much too suave for him. It is now attributed to Hanneman.

At Hampton Court is a Hanneman of Peter Oliver, very close to Van Dyck, which the writer has always found it difficult to date. Oliver, born probably in 1694, looks

somewhere in his thirties. This suggests a date for the picture between 1624 and 1634. But Hanneman was born in 1611 and must have been well over twenty-three to have painted such a portrait. On this consideration a date close to that of the "Prince Rupert" must be given, but the "Prince Rupert" is nothing like as close in handling to Van Dyck. On the other hand it is close enough to the Hampton Court "William III," at the age of about seven and painted therefore about 1657. Presumably from about 1640 Hanneman threw off a direct imitation of Van Dyck, but that he retained his grace and suavity this portrait shows well enough.

Among the French pictures attention may be drawn to the portrait attributed to Greuze and called "Mother of the Artist" (No. 129); for what reason I know not, being unaware of any portraits of Greuze's mother. This thoroughly accomplished portrait has no connection with Greuze. Major Benson in his

catalogue notes a resemblance to a portrait in the Jones collection at South Kensington, now attributed to Tischbein. Of the attribution of either to Tischbein I cannot speak, but there seems a difference of touch between the two portraits sufficient to preclude identity of authorship in spite of a vague similarity. On the other hand it is just possible that Greuze painted the "Cécile Volage" (No. 128).

A discrepancy in the catalogue with regard to the portrait No. 132 is perhaps worth mentioning. It is attributed to Mignard and the sitter is suggested to be Maria Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy and mother of Lewis XV. We cannot have it both ways. It cannot be by Mignard who died in 1695, if it is a portrait of the duchess; her age and that of Lewis her husband, presumably the gentleman in the bleu du roi in the miniature, preclude it. But the attribution to Mignard must be on very shaky grounds indeed.



LE MÉNAGE HOLLANDOIS

Adriaen van Ostade









#### "DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE"

By J. B. MANSON

N the œuvre of Manet there are certain works which stand out as being of first-rate importance.

Among such masterpieces as the "Musique aux Tuileries," the "Olympia," the "Bon Bock," the "Bar of the Folies-Bergères," "Le vieux Musicien"—a remarkable record rivalled only by the greatest masters—the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" holds

a place of special interest.

This was the picture—one of the earliest of Manet's great pictures—that led to the holding of the famous "Salon des Refusés" in 1863. The picture had been painted in the beginning of that year, when the artist was only thirty-one. It was sent to the Salon and rejected. It happened that an unusually large number of young artists were affected by the rejections that year, and the storm of protests induced the Emperor Napoleon III to have certain rooms set apart for them in the Palais de l'Industrie. It was a remarkable exhibition in this unconventional Salon, for it included the work of many artists who have since become famous throughout the world.

The "Déjeuner" attracted even more attention than it might have done in the official Salon. It had a succès de scandale.

It was an affront to the highbrows. It violated the canons of *grand art* which they so religiously cultivated.

The artist had dared to find inspiration in real life, to paint people in everyday, commonplace clothes. He had substituted real colour for the conventional *chiaroscuro*, from which light was entirely absent. The picture was painted in a new manner, by separate tones put down side by side, without softening or transition. By its originality, its handling, its point of view, it was considered to be an outrage on accepted traditions.

The picture marked the beginning of a new epoch, which may seem rather strange to us now; for in the hectic development of these latter days it seems almost old-fashioned.

It is, indeed, one of the treasures of the modern school in the Louvre. It is known, in the original or by reproduction, to all that part of the world that cares, or professes to care, for art. But it is not generally known that there is a smaller version of the same subject that is finer in some respects than the great canvas.

The Louvre picture measures 84 in. by 106 in.; the smaller version, which was painted at the end of 1862 or early in 1863, is 35 in.

by 45 in.

The original study was given to Commandant Lejosne, who was a personal friend of Manet, as he was of Baudelaire, Barbey d'Aureville, Mallarmé, Fantin-Latour, and many other writers and painters. It was at his house that Claude Monet first met Manet.

So far as design is concerned, the two pictures are practically the same. They differ in essential feeling, which is a vital though not a physical difference, perceptible only to a few.

It is the difference between a thing painted under the impulse of direct perception and response to Nature and the thing that is more elaborately organized in the studio.

The smaller version has all the feeling of immediate impression—the evidence of the hand seeking to express, without any other consideration, what the eye has registered and the mind perceived.

It has more freshness and spontaneity than the larger picture. The latter has other qualities. It is better organized. The details which were accidental in the first impression are elaborated in the finished picture. The still-life in the foreground is more effective and better painted—it has, in short, received more attention. The background, while more defined, is much less atmospheric.

But the original study has this superiority over the final product—it is the vivid and passionate expression of an emotion deeply felt and one that cannot be imitated.

The model for the nude figure was Victorine Meurand, the young girl whom Manet met by chance in a crowd in the Palais de Justice and who sat to him for many other pictures; she was the model for "Olympia" and the "Guitar Player." In the larger picture she was idealized, but in the original and smaller version she appears as M. Jacques Blanche describes her in his book on Manet, "une blonde rousse à la peau laiteuse."



ROSSALL SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL (OAK) 1927

By Eric Gill

## ERIC GILL: A RELIGIOUS SCULPTOR IN THE MODERN WORLD

S things stand today we have in England five kinds of sculpture—descriptive, Royal Academic, romantic, formal, and religious.

The descriptive sculptors set out to reproduce in stone or bronze the specific form of some material object or concrete thing; they produce portraits or statues of individual models which attain more or less to this ideal. Sculptors of this class will doubtless soon disappear, because an ingenious machine called the Cameograph Photo-Sculptor is now capable of performing their function with greater accuracy and speed.

The Royal Academic sculptors set out to produce sculpture like the sculpture habitually shown at the Royal Academy, an activity which leads to knighthood and remunerative commissions from academic architects.

The romantic sculptors set out to record in stone or bronze their individual reactions to unusual emotive fragments of life and to stress the unusual features. The most eminent of such sculptors at the moment is Jacob Epstein, who started his career as a formal sculptor and has since recognized his natural leaning towards romantic art and produced romantic sculpture of compelling intensity and power.

The formal sculptors set out to create abstract architectural form in stone or bronze. Such men seek to achieve comprehension of some aspect of the formal architecture of phenomena, and to transmute that comprehension into a synthesis more easily apprehended by the mind. The most distinguished formal sculptor with us at the moment is Frank Dobson; and the most promising is Henry Moore.

The formal sculptor is an apostle of the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake," in the sense that he finds it in his mind to be content with the creation of architectural form for its own sake. He is, in fact, an "Art for Art's sake" artist in the same way that every architect—as opposed to the mere builder—is an artist of this kind. To this attitude the religious artist is, of course, fundamentally opposed. To the mind of the religious sculptor the creation of architectural form in stone or bronze for its own sake is not a first and ultimate but an incidental satisfaction. The mind of the religious artist is not content to find justification for artistic work in any idea of

#### Eric Gill: A Religious Sculptor in the Modern World

art evolved from within itself; it demands a justification from some idea of life, put forward from outside with sufficient authority and sufficiently widely accepted by other intelligent mortals, to make it seem worthy of his service.

Eric Gill is the foremost religious sculptor working in England today; and the creed which he serves is that of the Catholic Church, to which he was converted fifteen years ago at the age of thirty-one. Ĭ say "the creed which he serves," because it must be clearly understood that the term "religious artist" has no reference to the degree of the artist's individual piety or faith. There are hundreds of men of personal faith and piety in all the Christian Churches who paint or sculpt both secular and religious subjects, but who are not religious artists; and there have certainly been hundreds of religious artists who have served their Church in all times and places, but whose faith and piety were unorthodox, questionable, or non-existent. I have never met Eric Gill, and of the character and degree of his personal faith and piety I know nothing; and I am not called upon to speak of them, because it is not on the strength of such faith and piety that a man ranks as a religious artist, but on the strength of his willingness to accept the service of a religious creed as the main justification for and the main purpose of his artistic work.

Religious art properly so called always takes its essential form from the attitude of the official Church which the artist serves; and the history of Christian religious art is the history of modifications of artistic forms deriving from this source. The medieval art of the mosaics at Ravenna, for example, was iconolatrous, and in "S. Vitale" this even went so far as to revive the old pagan idea of the god-emperor in the frontal images of the Byzantine Emperor and Empress with haloes round their heads. The art of the Franciscan artists was



"MANKIND" (HOPTONWOOD STONE) 1927

By Eric Gill



SUSAN (BEERSTONE)

narrative. It expressed the Church's escape after eight centuries from the Byzantine attempt to impress and overawe the spectator by imposing and awful iconolatrous images. It expressed the Church's acceptance of the propaganda value of the narrating itinerant orders and the Church's decision henceforward to put into practice Gregory I's dictum that pictures should be placed in churches, not as objects of worship, but as means of instructing the minds of those unable to read. With the Renaissance we get a humanized official Church in Rome, careless of the service rendered to the faith by artists, content to rely on the Inquisition to make propaganda for the faith, and to employ the artistic talents, which abounded, in the creation of art serving nothing but the extension of its own technical resources. With the foundation of the new itinerant order of the Jesuits and the attempt at a counter-Reformation in the late sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, we have once more an attempt by the Church to use artists for the faith. The new Jesuit churches by their design, by their pictured scenes of horror and torture on the walls to dismay the earthbound, and their domes painted with ecstatic scenes in heaven to exalt those who cast their eyes aloft, were definitely calculated once more to impress, to overawe, to terrify and to excite the spectator. Medieval religious art had been designed to impress an uneducated world; Franciscan religious art had been designed to instruct it;

designed to work upon the nerves and sensations of spectators of all kinds. The mosaics of "S. Vitale," the frescoes by

By Eric Gill

Giotto, the pictures of Tintoretto and El Greco are not records of the individual artist's faith or piety, but records in each case of the official attitude of the Catholic Church.

As all the world knows, the Reformed Christian Churches have produced no official religious art. The Reformed Churches began their career with outbreaks of iconoclasm, the memory of which has influenced their attitude towards the employment of artists for purposes of their creeds to the present day; pictures of sacred subjects produced by Protestants have always been either expressions of individual piety or exercises in artistic creation disguised as religious art; and since Jesuit times the Catholic Church itself has made no attempt to create a new religious art, for the churches of that faith being full of works of past periods, cherished for their antiquity, Rome has been content for the most part in recent times to rely upon these records of her past creations of religious art, and to countenance the production of pastiche images and pictures when new religious sculpture or painting was required.

And now here in England in the twentieth century comes Eric Gill, ready to accept the service of the Catholic Church as the first and final purpose of his art, and the Church willing to employ him in work on Westminster Cathedral and other churches. What form of art is it reasonable to expect in such circumstances, and how far is Eric Gill's religious art that which could be reasonably expected?

For answer we must recognize at once that there is no reason to suppose that the Catholic Church in employing Gill has adopted any new, conscious, or definite attitude in the matter. has himself said that the commission for "The Stations of the Cross" for Westminster Cathedral was due to the accident that he was introduced at a time when a sculptor was required for this particular work. That "The



MADONNA AND CHILD (IVORY) 1927

Stations of the Cross" in the cathedral were entrusted to this sculptor of unusual talents and not to some hack maker of pastiche images seems, in fact, to have been merely a matter of chance; and I hazard the conjecture that the form of the works demanded by the Church was simply any form conveying an orthodox version of the scenes and bearing a resemblance

the earlier

Gothic works. Gill's artistic creed, in the days when he was still attempting to justify art by an artistic creed, was the idea that the important

thing in a work of

to some kind of sculpture already existing in some Catholic churches and cathedrals. In such circumstances, what was it reasonable to expect from Gill in the light of his earlier productions?

Gill, before his conversion, has been described as an agnostic and a Socialist, a bitter opponent of the modern system of divided labour and of the modern tendency to accept the notion of the relativity of truth.\* His personal attitude of mind was thus out of touch with modern conditions and in tune with the widely accepted, but not necessarily true, idea of those Gothic times when each man began and finished the work of his own hands and had no doubts in respect of that which was presented to him as the truth. This leaning towards the conventional view of a Gothic ideal was accentuated by the accident that Gill began his career as a craftsman by carving the lettering on tombstones; and we must also remember that he was born into an age in which the keenest artistic thought had turned from the naturalistic art of recent periods to greater appreciation of the elements of medieval art which survived in

\* Eric Gill. Contemporary British Artists' Series. (Benn.)



MOTHER AND CHILD





MADONNA AND CHILD

By Eric Gill

art is what is in the mind of the artist, not what is in some particular model's body;† and his earliest carvings, when he advanced from lettering to sculpture, were essentially records of happenings within his own mind.

Those happenings appeared to alternate between an interest in architectural form, erotic interests, and a definite yearning to apprehend life neither with the mind nor with the senses, but in a way which he would doubtless have described as spiritual. His early works—the "Mother and Child" and the "Adam and Eve," belonging to Prof. Rothenstein, the "Mother and Child" of 1913 and

#### Eric Gill: A Religious Sculptor in the Modern World

the "Virgin and Child" in the Johannesburg National Gallery—exhibit these mental attitudes; and the last shows also a real grasp of the technical secrets of one moment of French Gothic art.

From such an artist, when he had decided to devote his talents to the service of the Catholic Church, there was reason to expect the art he had already given us modified by a new freedom from doubts and perplexities, an art purged of the erotic, and technically

reminiscent of French Gothic; and this, generally speaking, is what Gill as a religious a r t i s t h a s provided.

French Gothic sculptors were less concerned with sculpture in the round than with sculpture intended to be viewed from one or two aspects only - such as bas - reliefs and statues in niches. Technically, Gill's religious sculpture conforms to those conditions; and the technique which he selected for special study was that of the moment when Gothic combined

the iconolatrous formalism of medieval religious art with the new-found significance of varied gesture revealed by the narrative art of the Franciscan legend. The Johannesburg "Madonna and Child" was fourteenth century in style. As Gill developed as a religious artist, he went back to the art of the thirteenth century, with all its pregnant gestures still controlled by the monumental architecture of the iconolatrous tradition; and almost at a bound he became technically an accomplished carver of thirteenth-century religious art, so accomplished that before his

works the spectator is confronted to some extent with the same problem as before the earlier religious art, and has to stand and ask himself "Am I moved by this because it is religious art, or because it is compact of architectural forms and rhythms to which man as such reacts for reasons which no æstheticians from antiquity to the present day have ever finally been able to explain?"

In addition to his religious carvings, Gill has illustrated a number of books with wood

engravings in which the mentality of his prereligious work expressed in his neo - Gothic craftsmanship appears; and this spring at the Goupil Gallery we have beenable to see his most recent productions in all fields.

The exhibition at the Goupil Gallery contained some religious basreliefs of the character I have described above: a "Virgin and Child" in ivory, which is a faultless piece of neo-thirteenth-century Gothic; an "Adam," an "Eve," and a



A STATION OF THE CROSS

St. Cuthbert's Church, Bradford

"Foster-Father," which might be fragments fallen from some high-pitched corner of Chartres or Amiens, where the artist had been employed to fill a space with some narrative episodes; and some sculpture of a non-religious kind.

The last group was an extremely interesting feature of the show. It included a nude caryatid, carved from a tree trunk, an architectural head called "Susan," an experiment in neo-Egyptian art called "Head-dress," and a colossal kneeling female figure without head, arms or feet, called "Mankind." With these non-religious works Gill challenged

comparison with other works of sculpture of a non-religious kind, and he came before us not as a religious sculptor but a sculptor

carving in his own right.

Setting aside the neo-Egyptian "Headdress" as a technical experiment, the other works mentioned had to stand or fall on their architectural significance—for they were neither romantic nor descriptive in kind. The "caryatid" had the fascination of all carvings where the figure is left half-imprisoned in the tree trunk or the block of stone—the fascination of Michelangelo's slaves, of trees carved by Meštrović, and so on. It also had formal architectural dignity. The "Susan" was a remarkable piece of arbitrary architectural form. Almost triangular in design, the sides of the head fell sharply away from the projection of the nose and mouth. Set on the corner of a building, this head—which was considerably

over life-size—would prove convincing and imposing as architectural design, were the structure not negatived by the weak spiral lines of the falling hair. The huge "Mankind," beautifully carved and polished to an engaging surface, seemed to me, however, singularly limp in architectural conception—the product of a sculptor who conceives not in volume but in line.

The exhibition thus left us waiting for the next phase of this artist's development with quickened interest and some impatience. A sculptor of Gill's powers may give us anything tomorrow. He may give us more religious art, more technical experiments, and more sculpture existing purely in its own right; and all is certain to be accomplished because Gill's hand is now the perfect servant of his mind.

R. H. W.

#### A LOAN EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK

By TANCRED BORENIUS

URING the month of April, though for a brief period only, an exhibition of more than usual interest was held in the galleries of Messrs. Knoedler in New York.

Contrary to what is the case with so many exhibitions, the visitor to this one was not bewildered by a multitude of items. In fact, the number of exhibits did not exceed a dozen, but these were of a quality which fully justified the claim that here was a gathering of twelve

masterpieces of painting.

Several of these pictures are very widely known, and of one of them—Francesco Pesellino's "Madonna and Child with Six Saints," formerly in the Holford collection—a colour-plate was published in APOLLO shortly after a skilful restoration had uncovered the gold background of the picture and thereby given back to it the original effect and relations of its colour scheme.\* Another example—Petrus Christus' powerful "Portrait of a Carthusian Monk"—will be fresh in the memory of all visitors to the great Flemish Loan Exhibition at Burlington House in 1927, and we will

therefore not comment further upon it in this connection (see plate facing).

A superb example of the Early Italian school was Carlo Crivelli's half-length of the "Madonna and Child." This is a picture which has been but seldom reproduced, and hitherto-having formed part of the Huldschinsky collection in Berlin—has not been so familiar to admirers of the exquisite Venetian master as it deserves to be. It evidently belongs to a comparatively early phase of the master's career—the phase, in fact, when his art had most expressive power and intensity of feeling; later on Crivelli, as is well known, was apt to be rather overdrawn in sentiment and indulge in excessive and eccentric decorative effects. The National Gallery, with its imposing array of Crivellis, is singularly bereft of examples of this early phase of Crivelli's career, though England is fortunate in still possessing one of the finest illustrations of it—the lovely full-length "Madonna and Child" in the collection of Sir Herbert Cook at Doughty House, Richmond. Chronologically, the Huldschinsky "Madonna" must be placed very close both to the Doughty House picture and to the oval " Madonna and

<sup>\*</sup> See APOLLO, vol. iii (June 1926), p. 327.









Child" in the Museo Civico at Macerata, which is dated 1470; but in the Huldschinsky picture the echo of Squarcione and his school, Giorgio Schiavone, is perhaps stronger than anywhere else in Crivelli: observe especially the crinkly folds of the Virgin's headcloth and the metallic quality of the folds of her robe. There is something singularly moving in the artist's conception of the young Mother, with the curious, semi-Oriental cut of face, and both in expression and action the Infant Christ is one of the most touching ever created by Crivelli; indeed, the blending of intense tenderness and solemn hieratic sentiment here seen has something which very definitely recalls the Madonnas of the young Giovanni Bellini, under whose inspiration Crivelli here most evidently shows himself. "Signed all over," the picture bears in addition a characteristically plain and neat signature, in which the artist, as usual, does not omit to mention his Venetian origin -something he would never weary of emphasizing with pride during the exile in the Marches which occupy the greater part of his career.

At a distance of rather more than a century and a-half we then come to the second example in our selection—Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Lady with a Fan." Until recently this picture was in the collection of Lord Leconfield at Petworth, and the surmise is that it originally was the companion picture to the portrait of

a gentleman in the collection of Count Edmond Pourtalès in Paris—a painting which is signed and dated 1633, like the present example. We are thus here confronted with Rembrandt right at the beginning of his career as a successful portrait painter in Amsterdam; but there are few works belonging to this stage of his evolution in which he has achieved as ample and effective a rhythm of design as in the present picture. One knows well the type of the fashionable, carefully detailed portrait of the Dutch school of this time—the category exemplified by Moreelse, Nicolaes Eliaes, and



MADONNA AND CHILD

Carlo Crivelli

many others. One gets the impression that Rembrandt here has tried to show that he is as good as any of those artists at their particular game—look at the painting of the lace collar and ruffs!—and yet what a different thing he manages to make of his picture!

manages to make of his picture!

Then an example of the English school of the eighteenth century—Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady St. Asaph and Child"—the latter overflowing with health and strength so that it might have posed for the artist's "Youthful Hercules Strangling the Serpents"; the mother, a type of proud and classical English beauty,



A YOUNG LADY WITH A FAN

Rembrandt

By courtesy of Messrs. Knoedler, New York

## A Loan Exhibition in New York



LADY ST. ASAPH AND CHILD

Sir Joshua Reynolds

such as only Sir Joshua knew how to interpret. It is a singularly happy and satisfying work, and in its scheme of light and shade provides an admirable object lesson of the use to which Sir Joshua put his study of the great Venetians, above anybody else, Tintoretto. The way in which the whole is built up by a sequence of contrasted masses of light and dark—the passing of the figure of the mother from belt of shadow below to the full light above—all this is exactly in the manner of Tintoretto and the great drama of contrasts of tone with which his canvases are alive.

We close these notes with the mention of a work by one of the supreme masters of the brush in the nineteenth century—Honoré

Daumier. It is a variant of a subject, treated over and over again by the artist-I think some twenty timesnamely, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; evidently it had an absolutely absorbing interest to Daumier to weave ever-fresh patterns out of the silhouettes of the haggard knight, his sturdy companion, and the barren and desolate Spanish high tableland. The present is a celebrated example, formerly in the Bureau collection, and the scene is rendered in terms of unusual dramatic vivacity; Don Quixote is relegated to the middle distance, speeding away to attack we do not know what-there are no windmills near-while Sancho Panza, on his mule in the foreground, has stopped his progress and wrings his hands in great despair. The beauty of the pattern is one which the eye takes in with ease and delight, without any inquiry into the significance of the forms; and once again one feels before this work the truth of the remark about Daumier, that most unclassical of artists-that something of the marble grandeur of the ancients lurks in his every gesture.



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA

Daumier

# BATTERSEA ENAMELS AND THE ANTI-GALLICAN SOCIETY

By EGAN MEW





TRANSFER POR-TRAIT ON EIGH-TEENTH - CENTURY ENAMEL OF HORACE WALPOLE

TRANSFER PORTRAIT ON EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENAMEL OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

N the third volume of Mr. Rackham's admirable new edition of Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Catalogue of Enamels at the Victoria and Albert Museum, the two interesting badges of the Anti-Gallican Society which that highly informed collector bought, respectively in 1880 and 1884, are both attributed to enamel works, unnamed, in South Staffordshire. No one feels more certainly than the writer of these notes that more than 75 per cent. of the English eighteenth-century enamels in our museums and private collections came from factories other than that of Stephen-Theodore Janssen at York House, Battersea; but in regard to these Anti-Gallican pieces there are certain considerations which point in the direction of Battersea as their original home. the following correspondence, for example, it will be noted that among the Society's Grand Presidents was Stephen-Theodore Janssen (still Esqr.), the owner of York House and a highly patriotic merchant and important official of the City of London. That he should have been inclined to make use of the discovery at his works of transferring a design from engraved copperplates to enamel for the advantage of the Society of which he was

Grand President, and for propaganda work against foreign adventurers, seems not improbable. And then the Society was formed in 1745 and was in the first flush of its success in the early days of the enamel factory at York House. Of the seven transfer enamel badges of the Anti-Gallican Society which I have been enabled closely to study, two have been framed in a pattern of English ormolu, such as that employed for the Royal portraits of George II and his two sons, Frederick, Prince of Wales, and William, Duke of Cumberland, which were produced in the early days of Battersea according to the best of contemporary evidence—that of Horace Walpole. I am not wholly convinced as to whether this small affair of the frame-made by Boulton, of Soho Works, Birmingham-is worthy of being considered evidence or no, but in several cases, of which this is one, Battersea appears to have made use of an individual style of mounting; on the other hand, mounts and frames hitherto supposed to be peculiar to York House are found on plaques and badges now proved to originate in other factories.

But about the time that the badges and plaques of the Anti-Gallican arms were produced, snuff-boxes of a large—which implies

#### Battersea Enamels and the Anti-Gallican Society

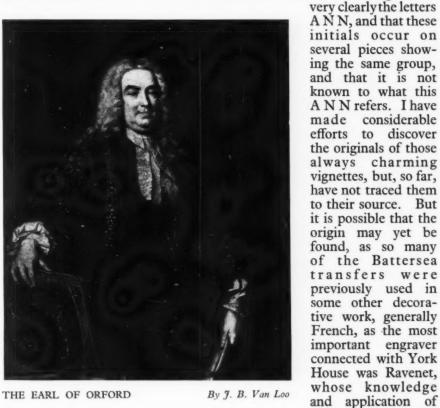
early—size were also made and decorated with a transfer design evidently from the same copperplate engraving as the larger badge.

Such boxes not infrequently have on the inside of the cover a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole. This transfer design is from an engraving after the well-known portrait by J. B. Van Loo (the painter who found in Walpole his first patron in this country), once at Houghton and now in the National Portrait

Gallery. In Mr. Rackham's recent catalogue the oval portrait plaque, based on the same engraving and obviously from the same transfer as the portrait on the inside of the cover of the boxes with the Anti-Gallican arms, No. 40 in the Schreiber collection, is attributed to Battersea. If this be rightly done it would no doubt go to prove that the known Anti-Gallican arms pieces, whether on badges, plaques or boxcovers, were, one and all, from the York House works. Another point in favour of such origin is that the transfer decoration on the boxes, with Anti-Gallican arms and

Walpole portrait, are of a type which is associated with the recognized examples of Battersea work. The snuff-boxes, with the arms and the Walpole portrait for example, like those with inside portraits of George II and Frederick, Prince of Wales, frequently show a series of gracefully designed vignettes used again and again on Battersea and, I believe, later, but rather indifferently, re-engraved for use on enamel boxes made elsewhere. These little pictures show groups of "pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids," variously engaged in labours symbolizing painting, sculpture, astronomy, and commerce. Each

beautifully proportioned arrangement is surmounted by a lavish and elegant framework of rococo curves and scrolls resulting in a very pleasing ensemble suggestive of the most attractive French work of the mid-eighteenth century. One of the vignettes, that generally entitled "Commerce," has been the cause of much ill-rewarded research. In both the Schreiber catalogues, 1885 and 1925, mention is made of the fact that the bales in this design show



By J. B. Van Loo

the lively work of his French contemporaries were considerable. One small point in regard to the letters on the bales I may point out. We have only to hunt for the meaning of the letters A N, for the second N appears on a second bale, the first letter A being obscured by an intervening piece of goods. Another very tiny affair is that although the "Commerce" is evidently in wool, as shown by the two sheep on right of the design, the artist has placed the wool in bales, whereas a member of one of the ancient societies connected with this staple has pointed out to me that wool throughout the ages, or at all events in the eighteenth



BATTERSEA ENAMEL SNUFF BOX WITH ANTI-GALLICAN ARMS ON COVER AND PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE WITHIN

century, was invariably packed in sacks tied at the corners as in the Woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor sits in the House of Peers.

At the bottom of the box in question is a delicate transfer which also suggests that the piece is from the Battersea factory. It is one of those small, elegant, and refined engravings which may be said to declare its origin and period to be that of York House. Within the usual gaily rococo scrolls a Cupid, representing Mars, holds aloft a flag and at his side a shield charged with the Union Jack; near by the British lion is at rest, and another little boy holds a drum ready to sound the alarm. The whole design, possibly an original one in this case, is extremely attractive and often used on Battersea pieces.

In the following pages I have brought together for the first time, I think, the various

letters to papers which have been written on the subject of the Anti-Gallican Society, so that those whose interest lies in the dating of the enamels bearing the arms of the Society may form some idea of the likelihood of their having been produced between 1750 and 1755.

Anti-Gallican Society.—I should be much obliged if any of your readers could give me some information respecting the Anti-Gallican Society. I should be glad to know when, where, by whom, and for what reason it was established, what were the objects of it, where its meetings were held, and when it ceased to exist. It had, I believe, a coat of arms, a motto and a badge. Perhaps someone can give me information respecting these. I have seen Oriental china dinner-plates said to have belonged to the Society. Did the members dine together? If so, where? And when the Society broke up, what became of its property?

OCTAVIUS MORGAN.

10 Charles Street, St. James's.

(The Anti-Gallican Society was instituted in the memorable year 1745, when the finances and commerce of France were so far recovered from the ruinous state into which they were thrown by the wars of Queen Anne as to enable it again to disturb the peace of Europe. At this time a number of individuals resicing in London entered into an association to oppose the insidious arts of the French nation. Their professed design was to discourage, by precept and example, the importation and consumption of French

produce and manufactures, and to encourage those of Local branch societies were formed Great Britain. in the provinces; that in London held its quarterly meetings at the Ship Tavern, Ratcliffe Cross. At the annual general meetings in London in the months of April or May a sermon was preached in one of the city churches, after which the members dined in one of the halls of the city companies. In 1779 and 1781 the father of Leigh Hunt, of Bentinck Chapel, St. Mary-le-Bone, was selected preacher of the annual sermons. Among its grand-presidents we find the names of the Hon. Edward Vernon, the Right Hon. the Lord Carpenter, the Right Hon. Lord Blakeney, Stephen Theodore Janssen, Esq., George, Lord de Ferrars, and Thomas, Earl of Effingham. Such was the old national antipathy between England and France during the last century, that several public-houses exhibited the sign of the Anti-Gallican Arms.

The Anti-Gallican Society is facetiously noticed in No. 83 of "The World," in a paper on the manufacture of thunder and lightning—a paper which has more various and delicately concealed strokes of irony than almost any paper not of Addison's composition. It was from the pen of William Whitaker, a serjeant-at-law and a Welsh

judge

#### Battersea Enamels and the Anti-Gallican Society

We may mention that an attempt was made in the year 1751 to remodel the Society by several seceding members, who met at the Crown Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange, but whose proceedings were discountenanced by the original lodge.)

("Notes and Queries": 4th Series, vol. iii, 1869, pp. 482-3.)

Anti-Gallican Society.—I am much obliged for the information respecting the Anti-Gallican Society, but my inquiry relative to the arms and badge has not yet received a reply. I have a plate of Oriental porcelain; in the centre of which is a circular shield, surrounded with scroll-work of scarlet and gold, mixed with small flowers. On the shield is a figure of St. George, mounted on a white horse; lying on the ground, under the horse, is a small shield, having what appears to be intended for three fleurs-de-lis. Above, as a crest, is a figure of Britannia seated, with a motto on a scroll—"St. George and Old England."

Beneath this shield are two hands conjoined. The whole is painted in a very Oriental style. I am told this is the arms and device of the Anti-Gallican Society. Is it so? I have seen many similar plates, so there must have been a service.

OCTAVIUS MORGAN.

10 Charles Street, St. James's.

("Notes and Queries": 4th Series, vol. iv, 1869, p. 83.)

Anti-Gallican Backstays.—In trade winds, extra back-stays are sometimes used to support or "stay" ships' masts. These are called anti-gallican backstays. Why?

RAVENSBOURNE.

("Notes and Queries": 2nd Series, vol. x, 1860, p. 387.)

The Anti-Gallican Society.-Can any of your readers give me any information about this Society, its members, its objects, or its place of meeting, etc.? I can discover nothing about it, except that it existed about the middle of last century and possessed an elaborate coat of arms. A china tea-service, of which a specimen is now before me, has this coat of arms painted upon it: Arms, on a field gules St. George ppr. slaying a tortoise azure charged with three fleurs-de-lis or. Crest, between six flags of St. George ppr. the figure of Britannia holding in the dexter hand an olive branch ppr. Supporters, on the dexter side a lion rampant gardant with man's face (?) or. On the sinister side a double-headed eagle, with wings displayed argent. Motto: "For our country."

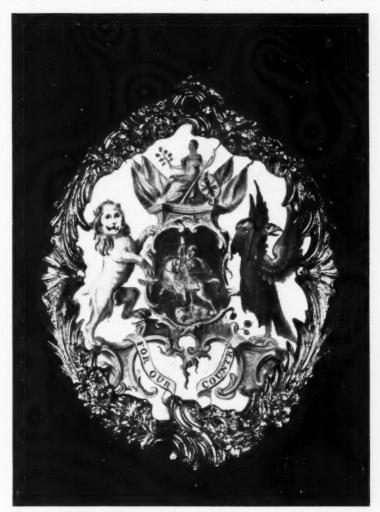
A. H. H. M.

("Notes and Queries": 7th Series, vol. iv, 1887, p. 67.)

The Anti-Gallican Society.—It appears that "the Laudable Association of

Anti-Gallicans" had their headquarters at "Lebeck's Head," in the Strand, in April 1757. The Society was so called "from the Endeavours of its Members to promote the British Manufacturies, to extent the Commerce of England, and discourage the introducing of French Modes and oppose the importation of French Commodities." See "The Anti-Gallican Privateer: being a Genuine Narrative from her leaving Deptford, September 17, 1756, to the Present Time (1757)."

"(April 23, 1771).—Being St. George's Day, was held the anniversary feast of the laudable Society of Anti-Gallicans. They went in procession to Stepney Church, where the Rev. Mr. Evans, chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor, preached an excellent sermon, suitable to the occasion; after which the stewards went in a body, and waited on the Lord Mayor in the Tower, and paid their



PLAQUE OF BATTERSEA ENAMEL SHOWING COLOURED TRANSFER OF '1HE ANTI-GALLICAN ARMS WITH CONTEMPORARY FRAME IN COPPER DOUBLE GILT

compliments on behalf of the whole Society, and afterwards returned to the Mile-End Assembly-room, where there was an elegant entertainment provided. After dinner they elected the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor Grand President for the year ensuing, which office his lordship accepted with the utmost politeness and respect."—" Annual Register," vol. xiv, p. 98.

EDWARD H. MARSHALL, M.A.

of a French Company among us. You are very numerous and have the Hearts and may on occasion have the Hands too of the People with you; therefore exert yourselves and you will crush in their Infancy this Brood of Vipers in the Bosom of your Country. Dare; and the Spirit of those English Heroes, the Conquerors of France, who still live on our Stage, inspire you."

At this period the Anti-Gallicans appear to have had

their headquarters at Ratcliff Cross, and visits from the various branches of this "Laudable Association" to the Grand Association there were duly chronicled. As was very usual in those days, the success of the almost innumerable societies and clubs then in vogue led to imitations, and the Master Peruke Makers had many a merry meeting at divers publichouses about this time under the style of the Anti-Gallic Hicks, whereat one cannot doubt that the intruding French perruquiers were finely hauled over the coals. I have some later information on the subject, too lengthy for the pages of "N. and Q," but which is very much at the service of A. H. H. M., with whom I should like to correspond. J. ELIOT HODGKIN.

Richmond-on-

Thames.

Although I cannot give any information about the members, objects, etc., of

this Society, it may be of interest to A. H. H. M. to know that this body published a map of some importance, regarding American Indian tribes and towns, under the

following title:—

"A New and Accurate Map of the English Empire in North America, representing their Rightful Claims, as confirmed by Charters and the formal surrender of their Indian friends, likewise the Encroachments by the

The Library, Claremont, Hastings.

("Notes and Queries": 7th Series, vol. iv, 1887, pp. 151-2.)

The Anti-Gallican Society.—
I am able to supply some information (of an earlier date than your correspondents, G. F. R. B. and Mr. Marshall), which may, perhaps, be of service to A. H. H. M. In the "Daily Advertiser" of November 30, 1749, appears the following advertisement:

"To the Anti-Gallicans.-Gentlemen, you have now an opportunity of doing your Country a considerable Piece of Service, and you are from the Nature of Society peculiarly call'd upon to it. All Eyes are fixed on you, and we hope you will not be contented with refusing to drink claret, and wear French lace, while the French are

endeavouring to gain a Settlement in your Capitol. You cannot I presume be ignorant, Gentlemen, with what Insolence our Countrymen, who in 1719 made a like attempt at Paris, were treated by that Bully Nation. I hope what the boasted Politeness of the French would never permit, the honest free Spirit of the English will never submit to; and you Gentlemen particularly must be sensible how much farther the Infection is like to spread by the Establishment



A VERY UNCOMMON SNUFF MULL SHOWING DECORATION IN THE STYLE OF CHELSEA PORCELAIN OF circa 1750. THE COVER GIVES AN ELABORATE COLOURED TRANSFER OF THE ANTI-GALLICAN ARMS

#### Battersea Enamels and the Anti-Gallican Society

French, &c. By a Society of Anti-Gallicans. Published by Act of Parliament, 1755, and sold by Wm. Herbert on London Bridge and Robert Sayer over against Fetter Lane in Fleet Street."

B. FERNOW.

("Notes and Queries": 7th Series, vol. iv, 1887, pp. 292-3.)

This day a letter from Capt. Foster, of the Anti-Gallican privateer, dated Cadiz, Jan. 20, 1757, was received by his owners; in which he writes, that on the 16th of December last, early in the morning he discovered a sail about 7 leagues off Ferrol, which he chaced and came up with about 12 at noon, and proved to be the Duke

of Penthièvre, a French East-Indiaman, bound last from Madagascar, and commanded by Captain Villeneuf, upwards 1,000 tons, and mounting 50 guns; he engaged her yard-arm and yardarm till after 3 before she struck; the French captain and 12 men were killed, the second captain shot through the shoulder, and 27 more were wounded. Capt. Foster lost 12 men and 26 wounded.

("Gentleman's Magazine," 1757, p. 91.)

In reading this correspondence one cannot but be struck by the fact that the aims of the Society are instinct with the long-maintained policy of Sir Robert Walpole, and that no more appropriate portrait could be

added to the boxes with the Anti-Gallican arms than that of the Prime Minister who upheld the splendid isolation of England during the first two Hanoverian reigns. But if the boxes and plaques were not of Battersea but of a later period, it is rather queer that Walpole should be, as it were, resuscitated for the occasion. He died in the year that the Society was formed, 1745, but his influence had gone down in stormy clouds some years before then. Another point which suggests that the portraits of both Sir Robert Walpole, and also that of Horace Walpole (always

hitherto attributed to the Battersea factory), were really of a later date than 1755, is that Horace Walpole, who is the one contemporary writer who gives any details of the productions of the Battersea works, makes absolutely no mention of these portraits. For neither of these appears in the very complete list of the works of art at, or the catalogue of contents of, Strawberry Hill. Had these been produced in the York House period, 1750–56, surely Horace Walpole, with his constant interest in contemporary work and his even more



ROBERT WALPOLE, FIRST EARL OF ORFORD; FROM AN ENGRAVING ADAPTED FOR USE IN TRANSFER ON BATTERSEA ENAMEL

complete concern in his own and Sir Robert's affairs, would have owned such examples and mentioned them among his posses-sions. Possibly some informed member of the Walpole Society may have found reference to such pieces; I have not been able to do so. Closely examined, the enamel of these two plaques has the exact appearance of that of the Royal portraits which are recognized as Battersea productions, but the actual engraving transferred on to the surface is the work of an engraver other than the accomplished Ravenet whose

delicacy and skill clearly show in the oval portraits of George II, Frederick Prince of Wales, Cumberland, and the square portrait, after the original painting by Richard Wilson, of Prince George (afterwards George III) painted in 1748. Other examples of the Anti-Gallican arms are to be found on enamel snuff-boxes of various shapes and without any other decoration in the form of portraits, but all those which I have been able to examine appear to be from the same transfer, and I conclude that they all came from the same factory, whether at Battersea or elsewhere.

## THE ART OF LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY

By R. H. WILENSKI

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HE pictures reproduced with these notes are the work of Lady Patricia Ramsay, who is an amateur artist of genuine talent. The term "amateurish" applied to pictures is generally

used in a derogatory sense. This attitude is adopted by critics because amateur artists are rarely original and generally produce work which is purely derivative. Lady Patricia is an amateur, but her work is not "amateurish," because her pictures are original.

This quality of originality in contemporary

art is much rarer than is commonly supposed. It consists in the artist's ability to observe phenomena with his own mind, to enlarge his experience by that observation, and to give that enlargement artistic form in a picture. I have seen some thirty or forty of Lady Patricia Ramsay's pictures (many of which are now exhibited at the Goupil Gallery), and it is this quality of originality that is their distinguishing feature.

Lady Patricia has lived in the Bermudas and in Ceylon. She has observed with avidity the wealth of new forms and colours encountered in those regions and she has had the courage to set down the enlargements of her experience in paint. In Bermuda she sat in a rowing boat and observed the fantastic fish and flora beneath the surface of the coral

sea; and on the mainland she observed the yellow, orange, and brown symphonies of luxuriant crotons. In Ceylon she reacted to a mountainous country so rich in fantastic trees and blossoms that the line of vision

rarely includes any considerable stretch of sky; and there, too, she has painted a picture of leisurely draught oxen, which seem singularly at one with the serenity of monumental Buddhist art. The subject of all these pictures is really the same. Each work has a different title and is compounded of different details, but all record



WHITE OXEN, CEYLON

the artist's reactions in regions where coral, palms and frangipane, mountains, toy boats and villages form arabesques of colour and rhythmic fugues unknown to the regions of the north.

The ordinary professional or amateur globetrotting artist is content to record "picturesque corners" and local episodes. Lady Patricia's pictures bear no relation to sketches of this kind. They are elaborate pictorial arrangements by an artist, long resident in the regions, and stimulated by forms and colours to seek to capture and record their appeal to her; they are not travel jottings but pictures evolved from perception and memory; and they are attacks in many cases on problems presenting pictorial difficulties which most professional artists would hesitate to undertake.

In point of execution the pictures demonstrate

## The Art of Lady Patricia Ramsay



STILL-LIFE, WITH CARNATIONS

that—as all intelligent modern students know-there is no such thing as artistic technique in itself. A good artistic technique is an idiom which accurately records what the artist had in his mind. A bad artistic technique is an idiom which fails to make such a record. There is no such thing as an artistic technique, properly so called, which can be acquired by painting in a life school and afterwards applied in the production of pictures. All that can be acquired in this way is familiarity with the handling of brushes and colours, which is purely a matter of practice, and a series of representational tricks, which record nothing in the artist's mind because they originate outside it, and which, indeed, often induce him to set down something foreign to his original conception of his picture. In certain of Lady Patricia Ramsay's pictures the artist's experience is not completely conveyed in the painting. But such failures were due to the extreme difficulties

of the subject, to incomplete observation or memory, to incomplete co-ordination in the several parts of the picture, or to undue preoccupation with aspects of phenomena which were unrelated to the picture's form. They were not due to the absence of those academic tricks so often mistaken for technical skill. When Lady Patricia's pictures succeed as works of art, they do so because the subject has been observed with individual thought and feeling, because the pictures have been admirably designed, and because the artist has been able to invent an individual idiom to record her experience in the individual case. Such invention is pictorial technique, properly so called, and no art school or professor can supply anything but facile trickery to replace it.



AT MOUNT LAVINIA, CEYLON



A CATAMARAN CANOE, CEYLON

In England Lady Patricia paints still-life, studies of flowers and interiors, and makes drawings. The still-life and interior paintings, more readily comprehensible to the lay spectator than the Bermuda and Cingalese pictures, are likely to impress the student less, because they represent not so much enlargements of the artist's experience as easy jaunts within it. They serve to indicate that the artist who painted them can hold her own in well-worn paths with the average professional practitioner; but since they are less original they are, by the same token, less properly described as works of art.

The drawings are most arresting. Generous in scale, they are executed with reed and broad - pointed pens and create a singularly bold and decorative impression which is rather lost in photographs on a reduced scale. Some have been done from memories, and rough sketches made in Bermuda and Ceylon; others have been done in London and record the artist's delight in added experience of form in

the common objects of everyday life. The courage shown in the handling of the pen in these drawings is of the same character as the artist's courage in attacking the most difficult problems in oil paint; and the most successful, like the most successful paintings, strike me as unusually original and free from subterfuge or fake.

The art of Lady Patricia Ramsay, judged by her best works, is thus characteristic of the times. We see produced around us thousands of pictures which result from an empty mind, a mechanical eye, and a hand trained to copy the momentary lights and shades on individual objects and make them thereby "stand out" from the canvas or the paper. But the art which the future will consider most characteristic of our day is art where the artist's hand is nothing but the servant of his individual mind. Lady Patricia Ramsay is a modern artist because her hand is thus inspired, and she must be accounted an artist of distinction because her works reveal a courageous, original, and observant mind.



CROTONS, BERMUDA









## LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

HE artistic world of Paris experienced this month the little annual fever that precedes the opening of the Salon des Tuileries. This is because the periodical renewal of this salon is based on the principle of invitations. They now want to organize the Salon des Indépendants Français on that same principle. At the head of the directing committee are the principal dissidents of the old Indépendants whose device and programme was "Neither jury nor recompense."

The new Indépendants want to make innovations in order to remedy the invasion of the Salon of Paul Signac. This invasion is too certain a fact; every year increases the number of those, professional or amateurs (the latter more and more numerous), who use the right to the wall space which the simple payment of a subscription confers upon them. In this way painters of distinction are buried by the mass of those who are called, in the jargon of the atelier, "Sunday painters"—small employees, retired and military men, etc.

But did not the founders of the Salon des Indépendants Français begin by taking measures that are very dangerous and quite reactionary, being radical? These measures are the exclusion of foreigners, the obligation for each contributor to prove that he has studied seriously "in a school or an academy," the exclusion of painters who make their living in other ways.

Let us sum up with a few rough examples: Picasso would be rejected as a Spaniard. The Italian Modigliani, and the great Dutchman Van Gogh, the painter of the Seine-et-Oise landscape, whose influence on genuinely French painting still continues, would have been turned out.

Paul Gauguin, the broker on 'change, would have been set aside for that reason, and when he had turned his back on the Bourse he would still have been set aside because he had not been through any academy. In the same way the door would have been shut upon the douanier Rousseau, and in our own days it would be closed to the ex-navyy Rombois, who is a good landscape painter.

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Utrillo—the glorious Utrillo, the hallucinating realist of the tragic suburbs—would he not be suspect on account of his Spanish name? Is anyone certain of ever having met Utrillo in any academy in his tender age? Alas! the academy of the young Utrillo was the shop of a wine merchant, who was also his picture dealer.

All this is really not serious. This exclusively French salon does not justify itself in any way at a time when the artists of the whole world come to paint in Paris. As for the point of view of studies, it is not sanely regarded.

According to every evidence, the case of a self-taught genius like that of the douanier Rousseau remains an exception. But tell me, does the fact of passing through an academy, whether sanctioned by a diploma or not, offer the slightest guarantee? Do the new Indépendants wish their future adepts first to go and get a permit to paint, like one goes to a motor school to get a permit to drive?

Besides, we are in no need of a new salon. If the Salon des Indépendants, which has played a great and a fine part, has become impossible, let it disappear. So much

the worse. The salon that invites is the Salon des Tuileries broadly welcoming, and not worrying either about tendencies or about nationality.

Finally, why do not the foreign Indépendants in love with the mandarinate try with their numbers to besiege the official salon, the old salon with a jury?

Whatever is done the Parisian amateurs, or those who come to Paris to discover the signs of modern painting, will continue to prefer to any other the permanent salons, which are in the Rue la Bœtie on the right bank and the Rue de Seine on the left bank, with their hundreds of picture shops.

As for the "Sunday painters," who may not rise to the rank of masters, have they not at their disposal the weekly "Foires aux Croûtes," those open-air fairs of good painting, the aspect of which would be quite medieval if the rentiers, the retired people and the little employees, were not the last to don the romantic costume of the Montmartrois of last century? At least they dress in this way on Sundays. They have less simplicity than that friend of the great impressionists, one of the founders of the Indépendants and the editor of their statutes, whose name is mentioned with honour—Dubois-Pillet. He announced himself with the noise of boots and sword, being a captain in the Garde Republicaine! Another of those who would be repulsed by the young committee, on which we are surprised to see an artist of the value of Luc-Albert Moreau.

Artists, renounce your project quickly, revoke that decree which would make you eject a Whistler, a Conder, because they were foreigners, and, as a professional, as an employee at a bank, a new Gauguin, that little broker who became a great painter and whose story W. Somerset Maugham has so curiously transposed on to a British plane in the gripping novel which the "Revue de France" is at present publishing in a French translation by Mme. E. R. Blanchat, and which is enjoying a great success.

True, our neo-independent foreigners would have tolerated the genius of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. The fortune of this dwarf, a descendant of the glorious line of the Counts of Toulouse, spared him the annoyance of exercising any calling before he saw the picture dealers smile to him.

An exhibition of drawings, engravings, lithographs and monotypes by this master at the Galerie Guiot has obtained favours from the most opposed spirits. It appears that this test has definitely placed the painter of the Moulin Rouge among the authentic inspirers of modern art.

It was on September 9, 1901, that this singular type of the "last of the race"—who had represented in the eyes of the masses that were hit by his posters the spirit of the fin de siècle, as was said at that time—passed away. He died on the soil of his knightly ancestors in the proud castle of Malromé in Aquitaine, far from his Parisian friends, far from the Chat Noir and the Jardin de Paris. Descendants of medieval paladins watched over his remains. They arranged for him funereal pomps as feudal as the scepticism of the century allowed.

Bordered with a finger of black ink the traditional card



" ARLEQUIN "

By Cézanne

invited to the obsequies of Henry-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa. Hidden beneath a pall of night, starred with silver, the coffin was as light as that of a child.

One of the last photographs of Toulouse-Lautrec shows him seated in a garden chair, sick and somnolent; a vast plaid spread over his knees and falling down to the ground prevents one from noticing that his feet do not reach the earth. The head, with a heavy beard, barely reaches half-way up the rustic chair-back.

This gentleman was formed—deformed—after the measure of a court fool.

We can dream of the funeral he would have had if he had died in Paris. It would have suspended for a moment the enervating tramp of the Parisians. The velvet at the sides, the boots, the large felt, and the cardinal tie of the song-writer Aristide Bruant would not have shocked more than the bitter *mots* of the draughtsman Forain. One might have seen the can-can dancer, Jane Avril, decently sad, having abandoned all effrontery, hobbling piously as far as the cemetery, hitting the pavement of the street with her Louis XV heels, which made the sand in the Jardin de Paris grate, before indicating in the black picture of the sky the polar star, Venus and the Lyre to the snobs in drab coats who were smitten by this equivocal astronomy.

We found again all the Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec at the Galerie Marcel Guiot. A moving revue of light shadows; here is Marthe Brandès dans la loge; Cecy Loftus, the beautiful Englishwoman in a long baby dress crowned with a tall hat; Yahne, the creator of the transatlantics; the Franco-English clown Footit; Elsa, dite la Viennoise, in a sumptuous cape—which would not be worn now in the most outlying province; the Clowness au Moulin Rouge; Miss May Belfort, the jaune ingénue; Aristide Bruant, chahut dancers, and Mounet Sully dans "Antigone"; Yvette Guilbert, whose silhouette Lautrec fixed, her cousins the horsewomen, and La Goulue devant le tribunal, the Procès Lebaudy and the Star, the bar of the sea captains at Havre, scenes at the races.

It should be remembered that the Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec is the one of Marcel Proust in the "Recherche du temps perdu."

The work of Toulouse-Lautrec will not grow old. Sensually attracted by the beautiful relations of green and black of Yvette Guilbert's dress and gloves, finding a theme of burlesque eclogue in the entrance of a clowness, the tamer of pink pigs, malicious to the point of screwing the mask of his friends to the high tie of a suave figure of a snob, Lautrec, though he fixed the aspects of his age by his loyal love of life, laughed at the "modernism" of Gribouille. It is for this reason that, knowing better than any other how to translate his age, he survived it.

The tact of this master is of a rare quality. I do not mean only that truly sovereign manner of being always above coarse details without at the same time ever shunning or dissembling; I do not mean only that absence of false pity and stupid irony which would, the one as much as the other, have spoilt his pictures of gallant life. I want above all to praise the rare sense he possessed of the mise en page and of measure thanks to which, with him, a page of an album can be distinguished from a picture not only by the quality proper to the material.

The exhibition in Paris has again aroused my desire to see the work of the painter; it is preserved in the Museum of Albi. I will be there soon, and will no doubt speak to you again of this pupil of Degas who went farther than his master. A painter of classic form and intention, drawing his themes from everyday life, Lautrec was a prodigious draughtsman, the first to transpose for Europe that which was the glory of Japanese art.

It is on account of the classical forces he possessed in his craftsmanship that Toulouse-Lautrec was able so easily to pass from the hoardings of the city to the walls of the museum. It is on account of this that he was able to renew everything—the poster, the book, for which he designed innumerable covers, programmes of performances, lithography.

Lautrec created a style. He lifted the *genre* picture to the great composition. He developed the limits of the intimists to such an extent that the chaste Bonnard and Vuillard owe a great deal to this daring master. He had the good fortune to show that realism, which is a formal truth, suffered a paper tyranny in submitting to "naturalism," an ephemeral fashion. All those who came after are in some way his debtors with regard to colour

Lautrec? He was one of those who attracted the young Picasso to Paris. The Andalusian was going to make us understand El Greco. Before that he compared Lautrec's "Valentin le Désossé" with Cézanne's "Arlequin."

#### Letter from Paris

Picasso was almost alone in thus approaching the directors of modern art. Those who, under colour of fervent study, imitated Cézanne, who was always afraid that one would *mettre le grappin dessus*, rued it soon enough. Lautrec, who did not defend himself, was for a long time disregarded.

In his preface to the catalogue of the present Lautrec exhibition, M. Vanderpyl, the author of the powerful book "De Giotto à Puvis de Chavannes," writes with justice: "I find the author of 'Elles' (Lautrec) at the bottom of the majority of contemporary efforts, successes or failures, far more than, for example, the impressionists and as much

as Cézanne."

This is so true that at the very time when he was thought to be abandoned, neglected, a true master, one of those whom I have called the "directors" cannot fail to influence profoundly by all the absolute that he has added to the treasure of the plastic universe. Posterity is not free to misunderstand. Cézanne was not free to create something that no one could inherit.

The recluse of Aix-en-Provence sometimes welcomed chosen friends—the young, as he would say. He always regretted it afterwards. He was seen literally to run away from them as fast as his old, swollen legs would allow him. Afterwards he could write to them: "Work that realizes progress in its own sphere is an indemnification that

cannot be understood by imbeciles."

He craved for the masterpiece obstinately. As obstinately he despaired of it. All his immense pride was

legitimate. All his despair was reasonable.

He used to say: "You know that there is only one painter in the world—myself." He said it, but he tore up

his canvases.

Cézanne's craving for the masterpiece was an impossible quest. His work is the search of the absolute, like in Balzac's famous novel. Cézanne pierced his canvases and he, the proud one, forgot them. He might very well have lost that "Arlequin," so crushing in the significance of its construction.

Lautrec, who painted like a gentleman, in public one might say, also applied himself furiously to the discovery of the rare. If he did not lose his canvases, he sometimes let them go to such places that it is a miracle they were

found there intact.

The free and easy ways of the son of the Counts of Toulouse are as good as the fierce ways of the son of the hat-makers of Aix.

Cézanne suffered over his "Arlequin," which he

repeated over and over again.

Lautrec would have made this "Arlequin" an immediate success, but at the cost of infinite researches, despised and not repeated. It is because Lautrec gives the impression of facility, but only the illusion, that he was so well understood together with Cézanne by Picasso alone, the Luciferian painter, dreaming of the burning joys of instantaneous creation and tormented by the absolute as much as "père Cézanne."

It may be thought that, coming at a fortunate date after so many efforts and not always clearly defined researches, the Lautrec exhibition will provide the young painters of the school of Paris with useful subjects for meditation.

In insisting on these things I wanted to put my finger on one of the "neuralgic points" of the artistic uneasiness of our time. One sometimes hears the friends of art express, not without some *naïveté*, though quite legitimately, their

regret at not seeing the smallest signs of a revival as brilliant as the one we witnessed from 1900 to 1910, the great post-Cézannière movement ambitious of classic solidity, of essential plastic truth, in reaction to the impressionist moment that was incapable of any continuation.

It should be remembered that the oldest of the players of this rather rough game, Henri-Matisse, has not yet reached the age of sixty, and that all the others have barely touched maturity. An uncontested master such as André Derain is so far from having ceased to question himself that he still grudges us the great composition that we have a right to expect from him. It might even be that the hoped-for revival, and consequently the principal of the desired revolution, will be precisely such a work which would



SANARY-LA PLACE

By Menlès

only be the conclusion of that which was commenced at the beginning of the century.

It is no less reasonable to be a little uneasy about the footsteps of the youngest artists who, not having of their own accord posed the great problems, which were the bitter joy, the marvellous torment of their immediate seniors, must often hear themselves qualified as followers.

Therefore it is a great joy to us if a temperament of definite richness reveals itself to be sufficiently original to enable one to discover in his work at least a characteristic interrogation. It would be too good if it became at once

categorical.

A Pole of the school of Paris, formed entirely by the examples he found here, and who gives us nothing national, nothing essentially ethnic, Menkès, whose début has been noticed, has just offered us at the Portique a much more important exhibition, more complete from every point of view, which authorizes me to discuss the possibilities of a new and fertile agony.

What is the point? It is precisely what I indicated in speaking of the young Picasso (1898-1903) gripped entirely by the absolute of Cézanne, literally giving himself

to art for the sacred joy of immediate creation.

Everything that has been discussed, investigated, established since then, from the young Picasso to the young Menkès, makes the false grace of improvisation more impossible and despicable than ever. Too much mathematical reality has been introduced into the examination of

the plastic problem for it to be possible to satisfy oneself with amusing physique.

Yet the desire of brilliant invention, augmented by the credit accorded to the subconscious, places our young artists face to face with a startling "unknown."

Did not Matisse believe that he had discovered the secret of this noble joy of instant creation, which does not betray the principle of essential construction, at the time of "Colour Volume"? But the case of Matisse is limited to Matisse, led entirely by his sovereign taste and the very type of inspiration. This great artist, who alone of his age really had the ambition of being the regent of an academy, the head and master of a school, always appeared to me as the least capable of teaching anything transmissible. Raoul Dufy pushed this search for an accordance of the imagination, in the highest sense of this word, and the fundamental principles of art farther than he. It is he, no doubt, who chiefly guided Menkès, who now stands as it were at the cross roads, hesitating which way to take, but already provided with what will be his mark and will not allow him to be confounded with anyone else.

Dealing with this young man, M. E. Teriade has written these apparently rather Sibylline words, but which are nevertheless charged with meaning: "Nothing will ever prevent the painter from finding painting."

Is not this at least an excellent formula of excitement? It was conceived in order to characterize the enterprise of purification that Menkès had to impose upon himself in order to find himself, to know himself, amid so many plastic affirmations, not one of which could be reasonably refuted, but not one of which guaranteed his personal enfranchisement.

To be robust and serve the graces! To attain to this while holding the swallower of bronze swords and the swallower of spun glass to be acrobats, equally unworthy of great art!

Menkès—who has not yet freed himself entirely, who lingers here with the Picasso of five years ago and borrows there some means of organizing pictures, particularly in his landscapes, from Raoul Dufy—has found in the depths of himself the virtue by which his harmony will be accomplished from what at first seemed irreconcilable. The art of Menkès is the expression of passion. He cannot deny or combat this without destroying himself. Why is it thought that passion is unable to serve order? Patriotism is the passion that guarantees order in republics.

Menkès has found his "painting." For him it is the asserted sense of human equilibrium. Such a moral government of this heroic temperament, with the advantage of contradicting nothing formal in the first seductions to which he abandoned himself when he began, has led Menkès quite naturally to assert himself through colour. It is the law of his pictures, whether it be the "Place de Sanary" or the "Pêcheurs," so imperious in construction. It is possible to say of his colour that light was born in it through the sacred play of contrasts. By this Menkès already deserves that more than a "colourist" should be seen in him. There are no effects in his work, which are entirely animated by the relations of causes.

If art thus conceived still admits the fine privilege of imagination, the salvation of those who confine themselves to the scruples of the realist, let us give credit to a painter who is not yet thirty and who does not even see an artificial horizon (as they say in geodesy) between the care of culture and the permanent recognition of nature.

Menkès is one of those who, after having visited and been consoled by the Lautrec exhibition, bought a photograph of Cézanne's "Arlequin" to decorate the studio wall: the "Arlequin" from which Picasso derived a cubist principle, while placing it with a cursive pen on the borders of realism and caricature, of which collectors have ten proofs.

Passion! Will the world, stirred up by redoubtable agitations, impatient of the plainest solutions, ask of him what aged reason, which has reigned without division, has so long delayed to give him? It is not for us to answer, especially as there is more than one analogy between art and social life. The doctrine of living art can find its application elsewhere when a whole dynamic universe feels the repugnance of a static academism.

It is nothing but passion that a little actress, Gaby Morlay—today the first French comédienne—introduces for the benefit of obvious culture. When one has seen her play the "Secret" of Bernstein, how one wishes to see her wake up with her ardour some great official stage, frozen by the devout respect of a tradition, which wants to be perpetuated with an afflux of pure life.

Bertet, Rejane—the name of Gaby Morlay equals these great names. There have been few new productions. Maud Loty, in "Maud et son Banquier," gives the amusing impression of perpetual improvisation. She is of the race of those itinerant actors who still play under the awning. It is a mischievous delight to which it is better not to entrust texts that are too perfect.

The always very successful comedies of M. Bernard Zimmer, the very free adapter of the "Birds" of Aristophanes, show all that separates the present century from the last. It is said, plagiarizing Talleyrand, who said it of the eighteenth century, that before August 1914 it was "sweetness to live"—a sweetness that was not recognized, that goes without saying, while we are well assured of the cruelties with which humanity has paid the sin of the war. Well, the comedies of M. Bernard Zimmer—the "Zouaves," "Jean Gras," as well as this "Coup du 2 décembre," which is triumphing at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées—are built exactly on such facts as those from which a Henry Becque and afterwards an Octave Mirbeau would have drawn bitter and vehement dramas. The young author is applauded for his comic force. Is it incongruous optimism or pessimistic extremism? Neither the one nor the other. It is a scepticism before fact which does not close the door to optimistic remedies.

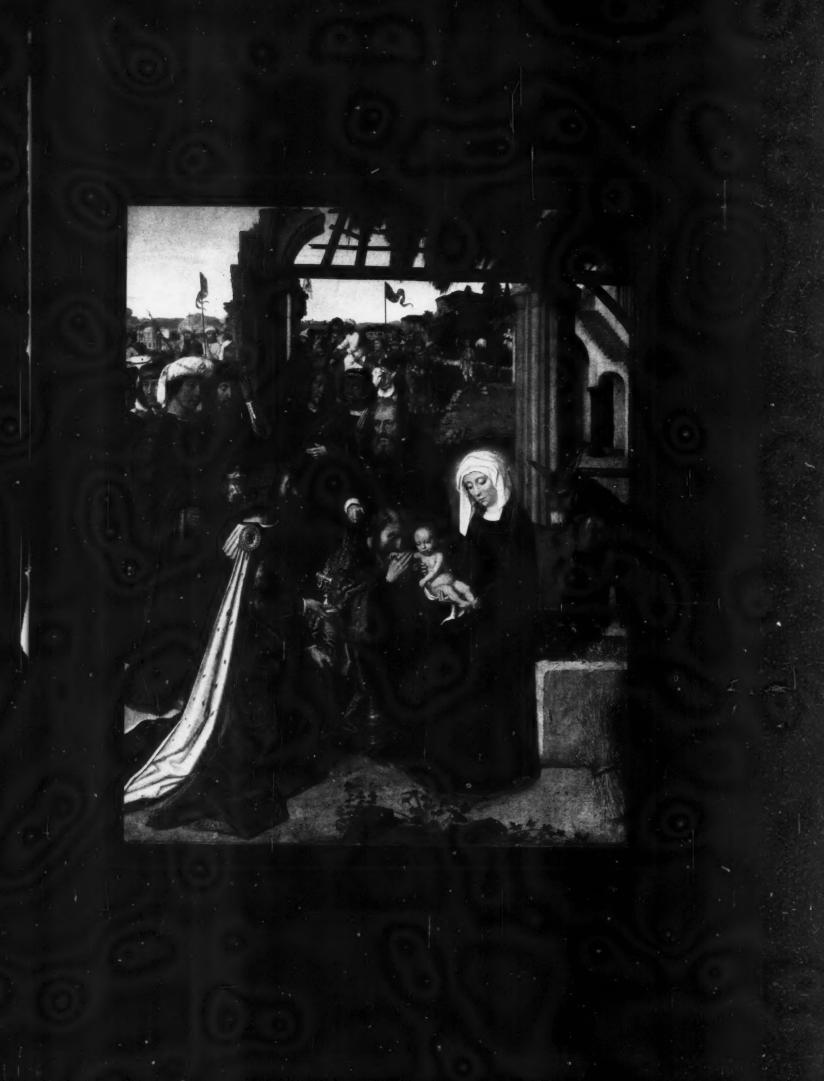
But does not this upheaval of academic conventions, these methods according to living art, this revolutionism—does it not take us back once again to the good old road before the classic virtues? M. Bernard Zimmer must read Molière a great deal in a text lightened by no very scholarly commentary.

The success of "Dibbouk," at the Studio, shows the French to be more and more curious about the strangest mentalities, which is also a very good sign. Our curiosity dates from the revelation of Ibsen, whose centenary is celebrated without causing us the least regret.

I have just enough space to note the important audition of a little-known author who is attracted to symphonic amplitude. I am speaking of M. Louis Fourestier and of his "Polynice," which will be one of the capital successes of the season at the Colonne. It shows rare elevation of style and a fullness of rhythm supported by a brilliant instrumentation, without any false heroism, without any vulgarity, always betrayed by the brasses, which are here,









#### Letter from Paris

on the contrary, contained like an athlete regulates the use of his muscles. At the first performance the composers, who were in the hall, all praised the sovereign order of such a full, such an extended orchestration.

Though he is loth to touch too quickly the sentimental side of the public, M. Louis Fourestier may yet enjoy a

truly popular success.

He will educate ears that are but half sensible by that poignant authority which we see him employ to dominate the crash of sentiment. To break tempests in this way, is it not to govern sentimentalities and in a way to gain them over? The shouts of applause from the amphitheatre may

have convinced the young master of this. Yet there were some protestations. Nothing better could have been desired. Everything that in one art or another is today the conqueror has obtained nothing without some brutal opposition on the first day.

Very much less a master of his orchestra than M. Fourestier, M. Robert Sivhan let us hear after him the "Cantique au Frère Soleil," a Franciscan poem, somewhat affected, but which may be the first work of a little renaissance of the religious chorale without any other legitimate ambition than to redress the dying art of the canticle for the small choir.

## LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

HE most important event in the opera season was the first performance of Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex " at the German State Opera House. It had a great success, for which Stravinsky himself was able to bow his thanks many times. Yet I think that opinions will be divided. Many will say, What have we to do with this old Greek legend of a man who unknowingly killed his father and married his mother? Why should this event be presented to us as a scenic oratorio, in Latin like an old Mass? And how is one to excuse the use of quite modern music that seems to suit neither the subject nor the language? Those who speak in this way have no notion of the development of modern music, in which Stravinsky plays a leading part. I believe, on the contrary, that this work is the final victory over emotional romanticism, over the realistic opera, and above all over the chaos that has so far reigned in modern music. When Stravinsky laid impressionism aside, he yearned with his whole generation for a strong form which would cover the exhibition of feeling and give a law to invention gained from our experiences. He educated himself through the preference of the neutral wind music, through the cultivation of the dry piano to a standard outlook, which in a certain sense equals the requirements of Bach, yet draws all the wealth of modern harmonics and rhythm into this line. He has tried from the very beginning to replace the realistic, romantic opera by a new pictorial opera, a combination of the orchestra with pantomime, dancing, and recitation which has found various forms in the "Soldiers, the "Nightingale," and "Renard." Now he has decided to try the oratorio opera, which guarantees the safety of absolute music best of all. He has moved this most bloody story on to the plane of a legendary representation in a dead language. He has thus found the greatest distance for the expression of emotion which can no longer be direct. He has led the classical tendency, which inspires almost all musicians today, to a high and lonely summit where it must justify itself.

And it does justify itself through the strength of his spirit and the fullness of his imagination. There is a difference between the heart and the spirit, but not between the imagination and the spirit. Stravinsky collects everything which modern music has so far employed—the shortened accord, the complicated rhythms, easy singing,

developing again to a freedom of coloratura on firmly-built harmonics; he collects all this with regard to the essential, the great, the simple and effective, and brings us the result of a development which reaches its highest point here. He combines these audacities with the school of the old eternal form in the imitative blending of voices and in the contrast of the solo parts and the powerful choruses of ancient pattern. Russian solemnity, Byzantine flourishes, the architectural quality of early Italian airs, monumentality of the fugue, motifs of Beethovenian ethos—all this forms a unity of grandiose stature and, towards the end, also of gripping outward effect. It is a masterpiece of modern music.

Our representation under Klemperer's severe and tense leadership preserved the style. The chorus was in the dark, the statuesque figures of Œdipus and Jokaste were impressively sung by Koch and Mme. Kalter, the setting was powerful and simple, the realistic figures a little more animated; the speaker, who explained the subject to the audience in German, wore a fantastic black costume.

Œdipus will continue to influence history; but the little comic opera "Mavra," which Klemperer produced afterwards, will remain Stravinsky's private property. The story from Pushkin, of a hussar who dresses up as a cook in order to enter the house of a young girl, is rendered in the most modern Russian national melodies, which proceed with grotesque moods somewhat uniformly from a chamber orchestra of wind, with quite a few string instruments. We take less pleasure in listening to the stage than to the orchestra, which shows Stravinsky's wind period at its height. He likes the wind instruments owing to their neutrality and their certainty. Now, in his latest ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," which is to appear in April in New York, he has returned to the string instruments, for which he writes the string and fingering accurately in order not to abandon it to any arbitrary feeling. It is a classicizing ballet in old costumes and forms, with a string sextet.
Our evening was closed by "Petrushka," this still

Our evening was closed by "Petrushka," this still sparkling, universally known, early work of the master's, which we first saw during the great campaign of the Russian ballet and which we will never be able to give again as in the days of Nijinsky and Karsavina. I still see Richard Strauss, whose head became red, the only time with another

composer.

The principal event in the exhibition world is that the Berlin Secession has moved into its new home. It is beautifully situated in the Tiergartenstrasse, and the architect Nachtlicht has built it very skilfully into a villa, most of the galleries being large and well lighted. The Secession, which has had a precarious existence since the death of Corinth, has once again reconsidered its position and decided that it should serve the purpose of bringing together young German art and of keeping up the standard of quality, while not favouring any tendency. We must

wait and see how far this principle can be carried out amid the great activity of Berlin. In any case, it is a good thing to know of a place where struggling artists can show their works, since nearly all the salons have devoted themselves to Old Masters, and the large exhibitions are not very well suited to the cultivation of individual talent. The opening exhibition, which is presided over by a late selfportrait of Corinth in the light tones of the Walchensee, rightly shows no sensations. It is an honourable average of living German art, consisting not only of the members of the Secession, but also of a great many other painters and sculptors who have been attracted on this occasion. A survey includes all the tendencies from impressionism to the new materialism. The loose colourfulness of Charlotte Berend, the warm and luscious painting of the Wannsee and Venice by Philipp Franck, a large and animated nude by Jaeckel, Krauskopf's highly developed compositions, an old street view of Paris by Kokoschka, Oppler's manyfigured "Conference in the Studio," Purrmann's land-

scape with its cultivated colour, Röhricht's pictorial river, Ury's lyrical sottness, Spiro's accurate observations of Nature—all these belong to the naturalistic section. A powerful self-portrait of Beckmann, Crodel's draughtsman-like sketches, a large fantastic merry-go-round by Heofer, a very true portrait of a boy by Rudolf Levy, Pechstein's powerful "Storm on the North Sea," Schmidt-Rottluff's passionate visions of colour, the severity of E. R. Weiss, the sureness of Zeller, who has painted the "Redactions-schluss der B.Z."—these belong to the middle stage of the style. Fritsch, Schrimpf, Wilhelm Schmid, and finally also the portrait of Daubler by Dix belong entirely to the style. But the greatest experience of form in the exhibition is the bust of Hubermann by Lederer, with the head bent

back in a daring movement—an artist entirely immersed in the intoxicating waves of music.

The four-hundredth anniversary of Dürer's death is being commemorated by two exhibitions—one in Nürnberg, for which if possible all his works are to be brought together; the other, which has just been opened in the Berlin Academy, confines itself chiefly to the local possessions. The exhibition was officially opened with an address by Liebermann, who dwelt on the German nature of the master and his period, and with a more learned discourse by Waetzold.

Beautifully hung in light rooms, the things are easier to see than in the dark museums and in the out-ofthe-way print room. Exactly 400 pieces have been brought together, including eight pictures from here and one from Cassel, and a hundred original drawings, that is, a seventh part of the entire existing number of the master's drawings. Then there is a complete collection of all his woodcuts and engravings, of which we can show excellent impressions, and finally a few books with woodcuts. Many visitors will be sure to experience the delight of reviewing in peace the famous series of the Apocalypse, the Great and the Small Passion, the Life of the Virgin, and to understand the peculiarity of this artist who did not paint pictures for great official commissions, but invented compositions in copper and wood, intended for the people, to refresh their religious imagination and to make fruitful these rechniques, which till then had been of subordinate significance. The soul and the spirit reveal themselves in the drawings. From the studies of the nude and sketches of drapery, animal



GYPSIES

By Otto Mueller

and flower studies, to the landscapes—among which we have a brightly-coloured study of the Kalkrenthtal, of quite Cézannian freedom.—he followed the path of a German who breaks his naīveté with problems, who possesses both an unhampered eye for Nature and a learned and brooding power of perception. In this Dürer remains unmistakably on German ground, free of extraneous influences. In his pictures he is not quite so original. The Venetian journey stirred him to a certain extent, and the journey to the Netherlands showed him ideals of northern art to which he was unable to attain. Grünewald felt in colours, Dürer did not. But the former remained a meteor, the latter created a pictorial culture. We knew all this long ago, but we are reminded at this time

with peculiar acuteness of the privileges and limitations

There are just at present a number of interesting one-man shows here which one is naturally tempted to compare with this impression, though it is not quite right to do so. Dürer's being has its roots entirely at home. Today it is scarcely possible to think of any art that is not open to international influences. Is a sculptor like Kolbe, who is exhibiting at Cassirer's, a specifically German phenomenon? That can certainly not be maintained. It is difficult to conceive of any German sculpture today that has not somehow gone through the French school. Even Lederer shows a touch of impressionism. Kolbe is an excellent sculptor, ready and finite in form, interesting and alive in his motifs, which favour types of movement and rest in their statuesque expression; but the current and elasticity of his figures would not be what they are without the international element. The principal work is the elaboration of a group that was intended for a Beethoven monument and is the outcome of a competition which the City of Berlin once arranged without any definite result. At that time Kolbe modelled a seated Beethoven with two geniuses standing behind him. But that seemed to him too portraitlike. He has now altered the design into a strong and heroic youth, who advances, followed in a compact group by the two geniuses. The good intention and artistic meaning are comprehensible, but I do not know that such a monument in front of the Volksbühne in Berlin will really be a document of our age. In Paris it might pass.

Otto Mueller is a great and individual artist. He has

Otto Mueller is a great and individual artist. He has a severe manner of placing nudes in a landscape, of making gypsies monumental, or of stylizing the branches of trees. He has developed in this direction with strong self-control and fine independence. His show at Ferdinand Möller's proves this once again. It is the great motif of man in a landscape, that has been developed in every shade in French art, transported into a quiet German setting. But few people pay any attention to that here. One would wish for a commission for an elaborate wall decoration that would satisfy his truly decorative nature.

How varied is the picture of contemporary art! Paul Kleinschmidt, who has already been noticed in single instances, is now holding an exhibition of his work at Flechtheim's. Meier-Graefe introduces him. He takes under his protection the fat women who are the outcome of an exuberant temperament, full of pictorial qualities, though in subdued colours. Flowers, a circus, a bar, a café—an overflowing world of barbaric observations are thrown on to canvas by one who is never satisfied. Dietz Edzard hangs nearby. He began as a Pre-Raphaelite and ends as an impressionist, his best landscapes being of Southern France. He has a decided pictorial passion, light bubbling colour. Another leap takes us into the circus, with which they are all occupied, the vision of artistry, as we can see it just now at the Skala in the eighth wonder of the world, Rastelli. Humanity, concealed behind a bewildering play of magically rolling balls and sticks, has a new charm for eyes that have been satiated on the painted stuff. Others travel. Wilhelm Schmid shows in the Galerie Internationale his objectively severe impressions of Southern Europe. Heckendorf shows at Hartberg's his southern landscapes in a metallic glitter, the habit of which is almost becoming awkward.

Most interesting, though not very productive, is the exhibition at Nierendorf's of a group of painters who met in Ascona on Lago Maggiore, that refuge of the apostles of Communism, German poets and philosophers, French and English politicians, and religious dancers. August Wilhelm is sitting there and painting a house that interests him. It is the villa of Emile Ludwig. Tableau! The most varied characters work there side by side. Each takes the lake from a different, from his own special side: Schmidt-Rottluff as intoxicating colour, Rohlfs as a delicate carpet, Helbig as massive colour; most interesting of all is Albert Kohler, who treats it as a decorative plane in a manner that lies between Puvis de Chavannes and Bracque. He has great talent. But, after all, it is not necessary to go to Ascona in order to be served this varied dish of pictorial delicacies. The charm of the place transcends the necessities of the

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

WANDTEPPICHE, II TEIL, DIE ROMANISCHE LÄNDER, by Heinrich Göbel. Band 1, pp. vi+646+21 plates; Band 2, pp. 6+553 plates. (Leipzig: Klinkhardt and Biermann.)

Dr. Göbel very fittingly dedicates this second part of his great comprehensive work on tapestries to the veteran Dr. Böttiger, whose study and publication of the Swedish Royal collection of tapestries remain a model for all workers in this field. The first part of Dr. Göbel's collection dealt with the tapestries from the looms of the Low Countries; and this part, divided like the first into two volumes—one of text and one of plates—deals with the tapestries from the Latin lands. It is remarkable, as the author notes, that these countries in practically every case derived their inspiration from Flanders, and that the first master tapestry weavers were Flemings, who were brought into Paris, Ferrara, Madrid, or Florence to start looms and to train local talent. The author gives us for each country and each centre the main facts which can be derived from archives

and literature. Naturally, when he has to compress the history of the Paris factories into less than one volume-a subject treated by Fenaille in five bulky tomes—we can realize that for the details which are necessary for thorough study of any one branch we must have recourse to the literature cited in the notes. We have nothing but admiration for the patience and care lavished by the author on his book, which will form an invaluable compendium for students. Everyone interested in tapestries will, however, find it easy to amplify the author's information on many different points. For instance, he does not seem to be particularly well acquainted with English collections, public and private, and, among those which would have added more material for his purpose, Holyrood and the Bowes Museum could be cited. In the latter collection there is a portrait of a Pope similar to the Clement XI at San Michele in Rome, and to the literature on the latter factory should be added F. Clementi, "La Fabbrica degli Arazzi di S. Michele." We hardly feel inclined to agree that the

"Playing Boys" tapestry in the Salting collection should be attributed to Flanders rather than to Ferrara. Many notes could be given about the present whereabouts of tapestries that have changed hands or positions, and perhaps the case where the reader needs most help is in connection with the tapestries at Florence. Dr. Göbel quotes the Galleria degli Arazzi as though it were still in existence in the Museo Archeologico. It was, however, broken up some time since, and the tapestries from it are now scattered-some in the Uffizi, some in the Pitti, and others elsewhere. In connection with the splendid "History of Joseph," divided between the Quirinal and the Palazzo Vecchio, we note one of the author's few errata: the tapestry on plate 364 is not by Karcher, but by Rost, whose mark is quite visible in the illustration. As regards the "History of Constantine" set, given by Louis XIII to Cardinal Barberini and enlarged by Jacopo della Riviera at Rome, further information could have been added, as the part of the set which did not pass into the ffoulke collection was not long since in The author, in fact, mentions it, but has not recognized it.

Of the French factories, the author deals fully with the Gobelins, and especially with the various establishments that preceded it elsewhere in Paris or at Fontainebleau. As regards the French provincial factories, he pays great attention to the important early tapestries assigned to Touraine, and this part of his work will find most criticism. Here, where less is known, there is consequently more room for research and discussion, and we hope that the author's chapter on it will inspire others to collect, classify, and sift all the available material, literary and monumental. Aubusson, considering its great output, is dealt with rather shortly; and Felletin also, where we can add one weaver at least—J. Dennat—might have been more fully treated.

The volume of plates illustrates well over five hundred tapestries. Even this number hardly suffices, for in identifying tapestries and in studying the composition of the various sets and the alterations which took place in the successive editions it is all-important to have a clear idea of the most complete series. The illustrations are excellent, and we are only sorry in the interest of students that the author could not have given us more. We should, however, have been grateful for an index to the plates, with references to the places where they are mentioned in the text, which is printed in good, clear type, but rather close together. It would have helped the reader considerably in disentangling the various series if the commentary had been broken up into more paragraphs and if some of the information could have been given in tabular form. It is, however, easy to criticize a book of this size and scope, and the points raised are, after all, only details. As it is, we congratulate the author on his performance and look forward with pleasure to his next instalment.

A. J. B. WACE.

VINCENT VAN GOGH, by J. Meier Graefe. (Medici Society.) 10s. 6d.

This cheaper edition of Meier Graefe's famous book will secure for it the wider English public which it deserves. This "biographical study" of an extraordinary man by an extraordinary writer is unlike any other book of the kind. It reads, as Mr. Charles Marriott has rightly pointed out, "like a novel," but surely not "like an English one at that"; for in spite of the fact that the translator has, by the complicated methods he explains in

his preface, performed an impossible task with a conspicuous degree of success, the workings of the minds both of artist and writer remain irremediably foreign. The writer, at one moment using his "style" like a surgeon's scalpel, flourishes it the next like a maestro di capella, and again like a policeman's notebook pencil, and again like a painter's brush. There are sparkling contradictions, darkling obscurities, a sense of psychic turmoil which affright and fascinate one in turn, interrupted now and again by phrases of simplest truth: "Van Gogh was never completely an artist, even in his own consciousness, and he lacked every form of pretension, but his nerves lagged behind his sensibility."

Van Gogh's life was a tragedy, and Mr. Meier Graefe's account of it makes it the more poignant.



ST. SEBASTIAN

From the "Woodcut Annual."

By W. Skoczylas

THE WOODCUT ANNUAL, Number II, edited by HERBERT FURST. (The Fleuron, Limited.) 12s. 6d.

This second number of the "Woodcut Annual" is even better than the first. The international examples of woodcuts and wood-engravings which it reproduces are striking illustrations of the fact that wood is a much more variable means of expression than copper. Here, for example, we have artists of many nationalities—English, French, Hungarian, American, Norwegian and others—all with "something to say," not merely in their subjectmatter but with their technique. The articles, too,

discussing as they do such different subjects as woodcut wallpaper, woodcut playing cards, "Frans Masereel and his Woodcuts," and the tools of the wood-engraver, prove the diversity of the xylographic art. Apart from its special subject, the "Woodcut Annual" also appeals to the lover of "the book beautiful" by reason of its excellent typography and make-up.

ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES, by ERIC G. MILLAR, F.S.A. (G. Vanoest, publisher.) Price £4 4s.

This fine book is the second volume of Mr. Millar's "History of English Illuminated Manuscripts" from the tenth to the fifteenth century, the first part of which (already reviewed in APOLLO) dealt with the manuscripts of the tenth to the thirteenth century, the present work being concerned with the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and if the manuscripts of this period have hardly the variety or the strangely attractive beauty of the earlier schools, they include some of the most sumptuous productions in the history of illumination. The first two chapters deal with the manuscripts produced before the ravages of the Black Death in the middle of the century caused a temporary blank in the history of illumination in this country. The manuscripts may be divided into two distinct groups: the great East Anglian school, and a number of manuscripts which centre round the wonderful book known as Queen Mary's Psalter (British Museum Royal MS. 2, B. vii). The origin of the first group is obscure; but it is due probably, as Mr. Millar says, to the fortunate combination of one or more great artists with some patrons who were willing to assist them, thus leading to the establishment of a local atelier." Apart from the extraordinary sumptuousness of the general composition of the pages, these manuscripts are characterized by the sometimes extravagant humour of the grotesques which enliven the borders. The solemn funeral procession where rabbits take the place of priests, illustrated on Plate 18 from the Gorleston Psalter, is a case in point. Sometimes, again, these marginal pictures exhibit the most delicate beauty, as the tiny David slinging the stone against Goliath (Plate 15) from the Beatus page of the same manuscript. On the other hand, the magnificent full-page miniature of the Virgin and Child in the Psalter of Robert de Lisle (British Museum, Arundel, 83) has a monumental dignity rarely found on this scale. borough forms a connecting link between the East Anglian manuscripts and the Queen Mary Psalter group, the various examples of which, however, cannot be confined to one district; and Mr. Millar suggests, very plausibly, that they are the production of a school the members of which fulfilled commissions in various parts of the country. The masterpiece of the group, the Psalter-possibly executed for Edward I or Edward II, but which takes its name from the fact that it was presented to Queen Mary Tudor in 1553—is one of the finest manuscripts in existence both for the beauty of the miniatures and of the exquisitely dainty little outline drawings, lightly washed in pale colours, which appear at the foot of the pages. One amazing feature is that all this wealth of illumination appears to be the work of one man. Another manuscript, closely related to the Queen Mary Psalter, recently discovered in the Bodleian Library (Douce, 79), has another especially lovely miniature of the Assumption of the Virgin (Plate 38). A late example (about 1340) of the East Anglian school, the Louterell Psalter, belonging to the Weld family of Lulworth Castle, but temporarily deposited in the British Museum, while rather coarse in execution, is peculiarly interesting as giving in the margins an enormous number of admirably drawn pictures of contemporary life.

Mr. Millar's researches have led him to the conclusion that the revival of the art of illumination in the second half of the fourteenth century, after the Black Death, was due, in the first instance, to the patronage of the well-known Bohun family. In style, most of the manuscripts connected with this family show some resemblance to the East Anglian school; but in any case they are the work of an English artist even if working under some outside foreign influence. The origin of the last phase of English illumination, which shows a completely new style both as to miniatures and borders, is something of a mystery. It is usually ascribed to Bohemian or Rhenish artists brought over in the train of Anne of Bohemia, who was married to Richard II in 1382. Mr. Millar seems to incline to a Rhenish rather than a Bohemian source; but in any case at an early date the manuscripts were the work of native illuminators. Political conditions seem largely to account for the cessation in the production of any important work after the third quarter of the fifteenth century, but the record of the work from the beginning of the fourteenth century up to that period shown in Mr. Millar's admirably reproduced plates is one of which we may well be proud. The introductory text is followed by the same useful hand-list as was included in the first volume, and the book should prove as valuable a work of reference to all students of English illumination as is the first volume.

M. H. LONGHURST.

HANDCRAFT POTTERY, by HENRY AND DENISE WREN. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.

This book can be thoroughly recommended to all who wish to understand the craft of potting. Its most conspicuous and, at the same time, its most important merit is its clarity. The authors do not only tell the student what to do and how to do it, but they also state the reason, so that the student becomes interested in his or her work—the authors seem to address themselves mainly to the female pupil—and does not do it mechanically. Another merit is the excellence of the illustrations and photographic "diagrams," and yet another the sensible views the authors have as regards beauty and utility.

The following paragraph may serve as an example of this:

"There is frequently," they say at the beginning of chapter vii, which deals with decoration—"there is frequently no overwhelming reason why a pot should be decorated. Often a good shape covered with a satisfactory glaze seems complete in itself. But there are exceptions. In schools, decoration gives much opportunity for training. It is essential to think of a pot and its decoration as one indivisible thing, like the vocal and instrumental scores of a song. The fundamental idea about the decoration is thus its due relation to the pot as a whole: the decoration is not so much an enrichment as a complement."

All this is excellent and typical of the general standard

The book, however, would have been better, from the typographical point of view, without the present title-page and hand-drawn illustrations. They are too "decorative" and heavy. However, that is a minor matter, though deserving of attention in a publication of this kind.

BYRD, by Frank Howes. (Masters of Music Series.) (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Howes's "Byrd" has quickly followed on the heels of the "Mozart" which his colleague on the "Times" (Mr. Hussey) has contributed to the same series. If this volume lacks the literary charm of the other, it covers much less travelled ground, and for that reason is a more original contribution to the critical literature of music. Byrd, an older contemporary of Shakespeare (whom he must have known, though history is silent on the subject, and Mr. Howes allows himself no conjectures about it), makes a fine figure of the sturdy Englishman. Like Shakespeare, we know little about his youth or parentage. "Byrd was born in 1543. At the age of twenty he was appointed organist at Lincoln Cathedral." Could any biographer make more uncompromising confession of ignorance about his hero? The only certain thing we know of these early years is that he was born in Lincolnshire. A tradition that he was a pupil of Tallis, and that he was a chorister at St. Paul's Cathedral, is unverifiable. His later history is better established. In 1572 he went from Lincoln to the Chapel Royal. Thenceforth he was one of the leaders of the musical profession. Like Shakespeare, he prospered and was able to become a country gentleman, buying Stondon Place, in Essex, and assuming a coat of arms. There he died when he was over eighty, after a life in which the only remarkable feature apart from his music was his attachment to the old religion. William Byrd, though he participated in the Anglican services and wrote much music for the Anglican liturgy, remained a Roman Catholic to the end. He was often fined for recusancy, but the liberality of the Elizabethan and Jacobean regime towards those who kept aloof from politics is evidenced in his case, for he kept his court appointments in spite of these petty persecutions. The sturdiness of his character was also shown in the litigation concerning Stondon to which he was a party, and the impression left of him by Mr. Howes is that of a quiet, deep-thinking, calm-living man who refused to deviate a jot from what he considered the right.

Of his music Mr. Howes gives us a balanced estimate, documented throughout from a thorough study of the scores, which steers skilfully between technicalities and mere verbal description. It is a book that everyone who takes an interest in English art should read.

H. E. W.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF PAINTING, by S. C. KAINES-SMITH, M.B.E., M.A., F.S.A., Keeper of the Birmingham City Art Gallery. (Medici Society.)

If a wide and detailed knowledge of pictures is the best qualification for writing an outline history of this kind, Mr. Kaines-Smith has unquestionably the best qualification; for his scholarship, already well known, is very evident in his new book.

But nothing is harder to do than to compress an encyclopædia of art, from the Dark Ages to 1900, into a book of a size that can be sold (with a hundred and sixteen admirable illustrations) for 6s. For the author has to avoid two difficulties. He must not be so general in his observations that important exceptions and modifications are left out of account, nor must he be so specific that the book becomes little more than a catalogue of names and pictures, with a few words about each painter's life and individual style.

Mr. Kaines-Smith has very nearly overcome both

difficulties, though on the one hand he gives us generalizations which, we feel certain, he would have been the first to qualify if space had permitted, and on the other he gives us more or less isolated accounts of individual artists and pictures which, again if space had permitted, he would doubtless have fitted more definitely into some general idea; and the book is an excellent introduction to a comparative study of the various schools.

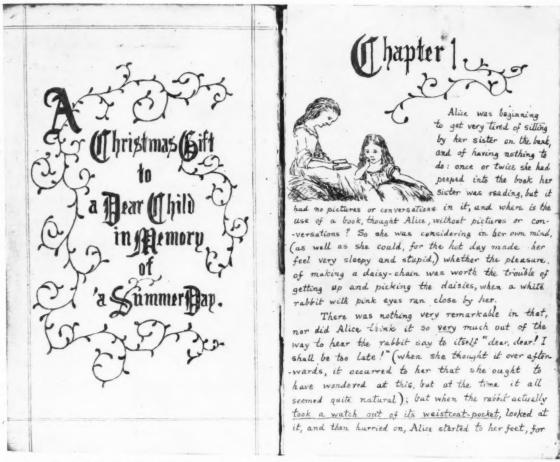
For the rest, Mr. Kaines-Smith has the courage of his opinions, and it is no reflection on his book to say that with some of those opinions we emphatically disagree. We must, for example, part company with our author when he tells us that El Greco's use of colour was "clumsy and brutal," and when he says that Goya "had neither the true eyesight nor the superb skill to see and set down what he saw." When we think of El Greco's pictures in Toledo and the Prado, and of Goya's Royal group in the Prado, these judgments appear to us not only unjust but quite incomprehensible. On the other hand, Mr. Kaines-Smith does full justice to Carpaccio as an inspired designer—an aspect of the painter of St. Ursula's achievements which is often overlooked.

A misstatement-most curious coming from this author, who knows both the history of the Pre-Raphaelite movement and that of medieval art-occurs on p. 254, where we are told that the Pre-Raphaelite movement "introduced into English art for the first time the pure and thoughtful draughtsmanship and conscious design upon which the art of medieval Italy had been founded." The movement, of course, had no relation to Italian medieval art. The members of the Brotherhood knew nothing of that art, there was none in the National Gallery when the Brotherhood was formed, and none of the members had been to Italy. The Pre-Raphaelite style grew from the members' enthusiasm for engravings after Gozzoli (an early Renaissance artist), from their enthusiasm for daguerreotypes, from their enthusiasm for Flemish Gothic pictures, and from their enthusiasm for the ideas of the Parisian romantic movement as exemplified in the work of Madox Brown (a pupil of Wappers, who was a pupil of Delacroix); and the works produced by the Brotherhood had no kind of resemblance to the iconolatrous Italian medieval art which we know in the mosaics at Ravenna and the pictures by Margaritone of Arezzo.

But this misstatement comes near the end of this interesting book; and Mr. Kaines-Smith, doubtless tired by an exhausting task, was probably writing without his usual care.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE, by Sir Banister Fletcher. Eighth Edition. (Batsford.)  $\pounds_2$  2s.

Messrs. Batsford & Co. have just brought out a new and revised edition of Professor Sir Banister Fletcher's well-known "History of Architecture" on the comparative method. The chief difference in this new edition is that the print is larger and the paper better than in former editions, though the illustrations have been augmented and the engravings added to. The book has gained by its resetting, and the small disadvantage of the increase of size is amply compensated for by the greater ease of reading afforded. It is a book that will always be extremely useful, both to student and lay-reader, owing to the compactness of the information and the valuable glossary of terms. The treatment of the various types must necessarily be



TITLE PAGE AND PAGE I OF MS. "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

(See " Art News and Notes," page 246)

too brief in a work which covers so vast a period and so wide a field, but on the whole the achievement is remarkable, though one has long waited for the inclusion of a paragraph on Spanish Romanesque. It seems a pity that such magnificent examples of that great art as the "Cloisters of San Domingo de Silos," or "Porch of Jan Vicente at Avila," with its great Annunciation group, should not find places among their peers and Spanish Romanesque forms, a group which is of considerable importance in the corpus of achievement of the era.

ANDREA RICCIO, by Leo Planiscig. 512 pp. large 4to, 586 illus. (Vienna: Anton Schroll & Co.) Sewn, M. 132; bound, M. 150

A sequel to its author's work on the Venetian sculptors of the Renaissance (1921)—by now indispensable to all students of Renaissance sculpture—the present volume sets forth the achievement of Andrea Riccio, the central figure among the Paduan bronze sculptors of the period which saw the transition from the *Quattrocento* to the Cinquecento. Dr. Planiscig has taken a wide view of his subject, and treats by way of introduction both of Paduan fifteenth-century art in general and of Bartolomeo Bellano in particular. The evolution of Andrea Riccio is then

traced with unremitting attention to detail, yet without ever losing sight of questions of more general significance; and the author's grasp of the material of his study is simply astounding, whether it be a matter of such sculptures as are still to be found in or near Padua, or whether he treats of the innumerable little bronzes associable with Riccio which are scattered across the public and private collections of Europe and America. All through, the author's exposition is most admirably supported by photographic reproductions in half-tone, the great "Candelabro" in the Santo at Padua being shown in no fewer than thirtyseven illustrations of details. As we follow the author's argument, step by step, the figure of this great intermediary between the naturalism of the Quattrocento and the classicism of the Cinquecento becomes increasingly clear to us, acquiring a wealth of particularized features, and among the most interesting and suggestive passages in the book is the one (chapter x, "The 'Romantic' Statuettes") which treats of the relation of Riccio's art in some of its aspects to the art to Giorgione. At the end of the volume is given a review, in tabulated form, largely arranged according to subjects, of the whole of the master's workit occupies no fewer than 258 items. All in all, a production upon which both author and publisher are to be

warmly congratulated and which is bound at once to take its place among the standard works on Italian Renaissance sculpture.

TANCRED BORENIUS.

#### FRENCH PASTELS

PASTELS FRANÇAIS DES XVII<sup>E</sup> ET XVIII<sup>E</sup> SIÈCLES. (Paris et Bruxelles. Les éditions G. Van Oest.)

The exhibition of French pastels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, organized in Paris last year by the Société des Amis du Musée Quentin de la Tour, proved a very considerable success, and a fitting record in the form of a fully illustrated catalogue raisonné has just appeared.

Like all French publications of the kind, it is typographically excellent; it is printed on agreeable paper; the helio reproductions are good; and the book, which is monumental in size, is unbound and falls to pieces unless handled with great care.

Also, like all French books on French art, the authors (in this case MM. Dacier, P. Ratouis de Limay, and David Weill) are convinced that all French art is essentially French in character and unquestionably first-class.

Can these pretensions be justified in the case of the school of French pastellists? Were La Tour and Perronneau great artists? Were they essentially French?

The answers can be found by turning the pages of this book and recalling the relations between the portraits by these artists and Boucher's pastel head of "Louis XV as a Young Man" in the exhibition on the one hand, and the works of the minor pastellists shown on the other. Boucher may be said to be a first-class artist within the circle proper for the consideration of such works. The head is brilliantly constructed, and it made the heads by Nattier and other artists of this calibre appear no more than masks put together from the features. But La Tour at the height of his power-as in the self-portrait which belongs to the Comte Jean de Polignac, and the portrait of the lawyer Laideguive which belongs to M. Wildenstein-and Perronneau at the height of his-as in the portrait of Le Comte de Bastard which belongs to Mr. David Weill-were both seen to hold their own with Boucher in constructional skill and to surpass him in characterization of an individual face.

As for the essential Frenchiness of these artists it is, I think, true that no one but a Frenchman could have painted the two pastels by La Tour which I have named. The artist's outlook—cold and clear and stylish as regards pictorial creation, and extremely sympathetic to the human side—is a combination truly and uniquely French. The portrait of the lawyer in his nightcap and flowered dressing-gown, holding the little book with pieces of paper thrust in to mark his favourite passage, is the ancestor of Degas's portrait of Martelli in his shirt sleeves with his pipe on the table and his bedroom slippers on the floor. Artists of no other nation can be so intimate in vision and keep their heads as artists all the time.

But Perronneau was less national. His portraits, allowing for the difference in the subjects, might have been drawn by Goya or Augustus John. But then, Perronneau travelled. He worked for years in Holland. Paris meant little to him, and the court meant less. Like La Tour, he was certainly a master, but we cannot regard him as particularly French.

R. H. W.

A HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING. By Douglas Percy Bliss. With a Preface by Campbell Dodgson. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 42s. net.

This history of wood-engraving makes, certainly, entertaining reading, especially in some of its earlier historical parts where the author treads new ground. It is informative and well written. Contrary to one's expectations, however, he is in his theoretical exposition and critical opinions strangely confused and illogical. "Contrary to one's expectations," because Mr. Bliss—though not, as he himself owns, "learned," and still less one of the 'professional critics" whom he so heartily despises—is an artist-engraver of fresh and deserved repute, and should therefore know better "what he is talking about" than learned historians and theoretical writers. Yet Mr. Bliss is full of uncertainties and contradictions: for instance, he makes a strict distinction between the woodcut and the wood-engraving, but talks about Dürer's wood-engravings. He tells us that the main characteristic of white-line engraving is "the use of white lines infinitely varied to express all manner of textures and tones"; which is trueyet elsewhere that white-line engraving "can be thought of as a photographic negative as opposed to a print therefrom "; which is profoundly untrue. He professes admiration for the "noble engraving" of William Blake, "done as though the artist had drawn the whole with his graver right off, while the inspiration endured, without any preliminary pencilling"; yet speaks with supercilious disparagement of "a certain painter of titanic mural decorations . . . who dashes off a block which would have taken Linton months to engrave." Why is a method that he admires in one case held up to derision in another? After having, in the beginning, explained that white-line engraving is "creative," and that in that case "you make your design with the graver" [the italics are ours], he asks, towards the end of his exposition, "After all, is there anything wrong with the results of the old partnership?" Nothing, of course, except that there are two designers, one overlaying the other, so to speak.

In short, Mr. Bliss as a textbook writer and critic is not at all sure of his ground, and for that reason his opinions and explanations will, we fear, tend to confuse the beginner more than to instruct him.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND PORTUGUESE FURNITURE, by H. D. EBERLEIN AND R. W. RAMSDELL. (Lippincott and Co.)

The wording of the title is disarming; the treatment of the furniture of the two peninsulas is certainly practical rather than historical, and there is little evidence of research in this conveniently arranged summary, which contains a generous number of illustrations. The bulk of the book is occupied by the furniture of Italy, but it is useful to compare with it the allied arts of Spain and Portugal. A serious disadvantage is the authors' style. It is possible to dislike baroque art without stigmatizing its "hysterical flamboyance and splurging pomposity," and to be averse from the late Renaissance without condemning it in this ungainly sentence: "Creeping paralysis seemed to have attacked surfeited imagination, over-elaboration had cloyed, and purity of design was being suffocated in the weedy overgrowth of a style fast running to seed."

In the book the astonishing claim is made that furniture made in Italy and in the Iberian peninsula during the late seventeenth, the whole of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth was "of no less interest or excellence than the furniture produced in previous centuries."

CARICATURES OF THE "WINTER KING" OF BOHEMIA. From the Sutherland Collection in the Bodleian Library and from the British Museum. With an introduction, notes, and translations by E. A. Beller, D.Phil. (Oxford University Press.) 428.

Although, presumably, this publication will be thought to appeal mainly to students of history and especially in the tragedy of the "Winter King," Frederick V, Elector Palatine, the beautifully produced book and its contents are of manifold interest. Perhaps the word "caricature" is a misnomer; these single sheets are flugblätter or "broadsides" of a political nature of course. Caricatures in the sense of grotesquely distorted or exaggerated figure drawings they are not. On the contrary, some of the sheets, though comparatively few, are illustrated with designs, engravings, and etchings of considerable merit. The collection numbers twenty-four reproductions of sheets covering the period of the end of 1619 to 1622, but the editor in his instructive introduction tells us that more than two hundred caricatures and poems appeared for and against the

unhappy monarch between 1618 and 1621. He makes also another statement which throws an interesting light on the history of political propaganda: "It has been suggested," he says, "that the great number of caricatures which appeared during the Thirty Years War, and especially those directed against the 'Winter King,' can only be the result of a paid propaganda. The cost of producing the copperplate engravings (more rarely etchings or woodcuts) by competent men, and the large number which appeared apparently simultaneously from a few presses, point to this conclusion. . . . Moreover, the engravings were sometimes printed in Holland and then shipped to Germany, where the verses were added. Such an undertaking would strain the private resources of a publisher. Nor was it unusual to translate verses into various languages for wider circulation, so adding to the cost of production. Finally, the commercial value of the prints would be lessened by the practice of displaying them in public places where all could see, by the ease with which the verses could be pirated, and by the poor market in such times of stress. Thus, although there is no conclusive proof, the above would suggest that in some cases at least men in high places paid artist and publisher for their work." Tout comme chez nous.

#### MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

#### TWO SIGNIFICANT MOVEMENTS

The New English Music Society.—It is always pleasant to see views which one has long held gaining ground and becoming generally accepted. About twenty years ago I remember an enthusiastic young Italian, by name Alfred Casella, visiting London with a few other youthful and ardent spirits like himself and giving some concerts of old music on the instruments for which it had been originally written. They had a considerable measure of success, were summoned to perform at Buckingham Palace, excited the curiosity of quite a number of people, and really convinced a few that to enjoy the music of the eighteenth and late seventeenth centuryfor we did not then venture back farther into the obscurities of the Jacobean and Tudor periods—it must be made to sound as its creators intended. The visit of these musicians from Paris, the germinating place for new ideas, was not a solitary portent. Arnold Dolmetsch had already been working for a decade and more at the same idea, attacking it, not only from the angles of the scholar and the executant, but from that of the craftsman. To play the music of the past it was necessary to refashion the instruments upon which it had been intended to be played, and then to rediscover the particular technique which each demanded. Let us be just to the last generation. Even in the nineties, at Covent Garden, the truth of what is now becoming a commonplace was recognized in Mr. Dolmetsch being employed to accompany the recitativo secco in the Mozart operas on the harpsichord. That premature sign of grace, however, faded away, and in this enlightened musical decade I have heard the Continuo in the B minor Mass at Worcester Cathedral played on a grand piano.

Still, the seed had been sown. We had begun to doubt whether mechanical improvements and changes in musical instruments could be regarded in the same light as those of other machines, and the complacency which assimilated the transformation of music to the progress of scientific invention had at least been challenged. Little by little we have come to take a juster view of musical æsthetics; and though we have not yet reached an analogous standpoint in music to that taken, for instance, in architecture (where every one now agrees that an architect's sole business with an ancient building is to prevent it from falling into irremediable decay), or even in Shakespearean drama at the Old Vic., we have at least come to admit that the interpretation of music must be considered in relation to the circumstances of the time when it was written.

An obvious application of this rule lies in giving back to the harpsichord (and the clavichord) the music composed for it. Pianists, of course, still continue to use the splendid inheritance which they have wrongfully annexed, and to play Scarlatti's sonatas on the piano, and Bach's suites and his Forty-eight. But their right to do so is no longer unchallenged. The absurd argument that Bach would have preferred the pianoforte to the harpsichord, if only it had been perfected in his time, is put forward with less assurance than it used to be, and pianists rather prefer to argue that it is better to hear Bach on the piano than never to hear him at all, since in the absence of either instruments or players this is what would happen were we to be rigid purists in the matter. In that plea there is a certain speciousness. But it should not prevent us from pointing out on every possible occasion that the piano, great instrument as it is, is nevertheless only an inferior substitute for the interpretation of music written for the plucked string of the harpsichord, or for the touched string of the clavichord.

I instance the piano only because its prestige for nearly a century has been so extraordinary that any questioning of its ability to recreate the music which composers since Byrd and Bull have given to the virginals and to its legitimate issue, the harpsichord, has only lately been freely allowed. The issue is in reality much wider, and that is why the inaugural concert of the New English Music Society at the Park Lane Hotel seems to me the most significant gesture in relation to music which Mayfair and Belgravia have perhaps ever made.

The object of this Society is to give us orchestral music, new and old, under the conditions of the concert-room rather than the concert-hall. "The advancement of fine music, finely performed" is how its own prospectus more epigrammatically states it. But the point to notice is that the music is to be performed by a chamber orchestra, the size of which corresponds to those for which Haydn and Mozart wrote their symphonies. The founder and director of this Society is Mr. Anthony Bernard, who, with his orchestra, has already taken a place in the musical life of London. It looks as if that place were now to become a

very definite one.

There are, of course, other chamber orchestras besides Mr. Bernard's which pursue the same ideals and mark the same reaction to the cult of noise that the plethoric contemporary orchestra of a hundred performers has imposed upon the public. But the directors of these have not succeeded, as Mr. Bernard has done, in organizing their principles and getting all sorts of distinguished people to endorse them. Directly Lady Lansdowne (who is the chairman of the Society) began her speech at the inaugural concert, one realized that the battle had been won, the principle conceded for which some of us have been battling for years. She explained the aims and objects, projects and plans of the Society immediately after we had heard, congruously enough, a first English performance of Alfred Casella's new "Scarlattiana" suite. As her quiet exposition of the true gospel of "fine music, finely performed" drew applause from an audience of elegant ladies and white-waistcoated men, it was clear that a landmark in the history of music in London (and so in England) had been passed. The president of this new Society is Major Astor (the principal proprietor of the "Times"), the chairman of the committee is Lady Lansdowne, Mr. Alfred Beit is her deputy, the honorary secretary is Mrs. Emile Mond (who will send you all particulars if you write to her at 22 Hyde Park Square, W.2), and the committee consists of a positive galaxy of names, from which it is enough to mention that of Lord Berners.

What it amounts to is this: that Mr. Bernard has made it certain for the future that we shall be able to listen to the pre-Beethoven classics under conditions not too far different from those that prevailed at the time. A "chamber" chorus is to be formed to help revive early vocal works, and no doubt we shall be allowed to hear what Handel sounds like when his music is allowed to speak for itself. The recent performance of "Solomon" at the Philharmonic, for all the brilliance of the choral singing, showed how even the genius of Sir Thomas Beecham was unable to give it the proper Handelian atmosphere. The musical forces engaged were far too heavy. Handel, in spite of our belief to the contrary, is

not on the side of the big battalions.

With these aims, and under such auspices, we may hope that the New English Music Society will enable us to appreciate more fully the music which was written in an age when the art was still very much of a craft, when composers made symphonies against the morrow's concert, and sat at meat with the upper servants of the master whose leisure they entertained. Yet no chamber orchestra can quite recapture the sounds which, for instance, Haydn, that perfect example of the master-craftsman, heard when the Prince Esterhazy's orchestra at Eisenstadt played his morning's work. The oboes have grown less reedy, the horns have lost the pile of their velvet tone, the trumpets their robustness. They have gained in other ways, but they have undoubtedly lost in character. Hence we cannot ever hope to hear a Mozart or a Haydn symphony in quite their pristine freshness. Time writes its wrinkles on the masterpieces of music no less surely than on the Gothic cathedral, the canvases of Titian, or even the plays of Shakespeare.

Very appositely, The Dolmetsch Foundation, which has come into existence still more recently than the New English Music Society, enables us to push the ideals that are to guide that organization one degree higher. Mr. Dolmetsch has given his life to the study of old music, and more especially of the instruments on which that music was played. His exquisite workmanship is known to some, and the pioneer work which he, his family, and a few devoted disciples have been carrying on up and down the country have made a good many familiar with the intimate loveliness of the consort of viols, with the quality of such instruments as the clavichord and the viol da gamba, both beloved of Bach, and with the fresh beauty of the recorders-instruments familiar to all Englishmen from the days of Shakespeare to those of Purcell. His search after these forgotten secrets of the past is one of the romances of music. It was begun in the fortuitous way so much of the most valuable work of the world has been entered upon. Searching forty years ago in the British Museum for music for the viol d'amore, it struck him that there was a mass of splendid English music for the consort of viols. This led to the search for instruments, and his first viol da gamba soon became a consort. Thence he was led to the virginals. One thing followed another till there now is hardly an instrument of the early seventeenth century which he has not studied, investigated, and fashioned himself.

I have written about Mr. Dolmetsch often enough in APOLLO for it to be unnecessary I should say more now. There is one thing, however, to remember. He is no longer young, and the time will come when he will have to hand over the work he has begun for others to carry on. To ensure this, The Dolmetsch Foundation has been brought into existence. Like the New Music Society, it has many distinguished names amongst its sponsors: Dr. Bridges, Sir Henry Hadow, Sir Walford Davies, Mr. Lloyd George, and, like the New Music Society, it makes appeal to the generosity or, rather, the self-interest of all those who are interested in music. I cannot do better than conclude this very brief and cursory notice of two significant manifestations of the same movement towards a more catholic approach to music by giving the name and address of the honorary secretary of The Dolmetsch Foundation-Mr. Gerald R. Hayes, 37 Clanricarde Gardens, W.2, who will, I am sure, be only too pleased to explain its aims more fully and to receive the

contributions of the faithful.









# ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

The Buenos Aires Exhibition Pictures.

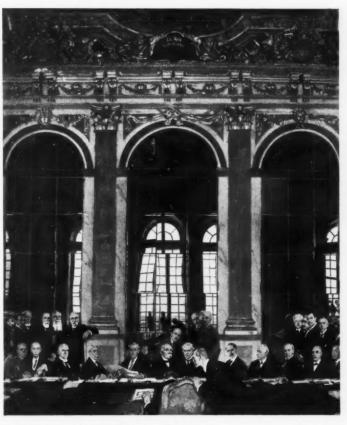
The pictures for the Buenos Aires Exhibition (here reproduced) were lent by the Imperial Museum and therefore require no "in-troduction" to our readers. Mr. McBey's "Colonel T. E. Lawrence, C.B., D.S.O." that was-he is now hiding his fame under a pseudonym-gives, perhaps, more of this hero's elusive quality than other portraits. Sir D. Y. Cameron's large landscape of the "Ypres Battlefield" has the monumental effect of a mural painting. The most important picture of all is-without question—Sir William Orpen's "Signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles." Historical picture though it be of necessity by reason of its subject, one cannot help noticing that the artist's intention was less the commemoration of than the comment upon this

historical event. The actors of this drama appear almost as passing shadows before the splendour of the stage-setting.

The Buenos Aires Exhibition is a new development of Sir Joseph Duveen's "British Artists' Exhibitions" scheme and distinguished from its predecessors by the fact that the British Government has officially taken it under its patronage. "Before the pictures for the Buenos Aires Exhibition have sailed," we are informed, "a very important illustration of this fact will have become public property." This rouses curiosity. Is the British Government, at long last, to take Art seriously?

The Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours.

What is wrong with our popular art? Something certainly, but what? There can be no doubt that the majority of the exhibits at the R.I. belong to the "popular" category, and even less doubt that the general effect of these shows on one's æsthetic sense is far from stimulating. There is a picture here which may possibly indicate the root of the trouble. The picture—as a watercolour a tour de force—is an almost life-size portrait of a famous



THE PEACE CONFERENCE, VERSAILLES Sir William Orpen, R.A.

Courtesy of Imperial
War Museum

member of the Savage Club. It is painted by Mr. John Hassall, of poster fame, who calls it "Dear Old Odell" (209). Now, whatever else this old "Savage" is, he is not the kind of man of whom one would speak, or who would wish to be spoken of, as "dear old" anything. The sentimentalization of this veteran and inveterate Bohemian robs the painting of that tang and grip which move one strangely every time one sees the old actor, watches his glistening eyes, sunken temples, quivering lips, and the expressive movements of the fingers of his shaking hands. Odell is not and never was a saint, but is and always has been a "character." Mr. Hassall's "Dear Old Odell" might be a Chelsea pensioner or an emerited professor of entomology.

It is as if the majority of the artists

here cultivated a similar attitude towards "dear old Nature," over whom they grow sentimental: some, no doubt, because they feel like that; others, perhaps, because they believe that the public feel like that. much for the subject side of art. As regards the technical side, one might suggest that the Institute should replace the word "in" by the word "with," for most of the artists seem to paint with the watercolour medium rather than in it. Sir David Murray's (the president's) picture (448) is a good example of this. Ultimately, of course, it does not matter in the least how a thing is done, so long as the result is satisfactory; but when an Institute is especially founded to cultivate a medium, one might reasonably expect the medium as such to be properly treated. Moreover, proper use of a medium imposes limitations which are always an advantage to art. Mr. George Graham's "Lake Side" (68) is one of the few examples here which show the use of watercolours (not gouache or "body" colours) as they should be used: it has an easy, flowing, and calligraphic touch. Miss Anna Airey's "Venetian Blind" (491) is another good



COLONEL LAWRENCE
By James McBey

Courtesy of Imperial War Museum

instance. However, the application of purist principles would leave only few pictures here worth the mention, and there are, at any rate, a number which, however done, are done well. Mr. Leonhard Philpott's "Dying Tulip" (57), Mr. E. W. Job's "Inspiration" (271), Mr. W. A. Kemp's "Bric-à-Brac" (112), for instance, laboriously finished as they are, nevertheless prove a single-minded devotion to the self-imposed tasks of rendering with minute care—and much success—every detail of the chosen subject. Mr. Gordon M. Forsyth's several exhibits deserve to be specially noted for good use of the medium. Miss Noel Nisbet's complicated technique is well suited to her peculiar pictorial and literary imagination. "And the Devil came for Her" (243) is one of the best things here. That artists like Messrs. Davis Richter (193), Talbot Kelly (288-397), Fred Taylor (360), Charles Simpson (286), Charles Ince (391), Adrian Hill (387), Percy Lancaster (274), and a few others know their business and are always highly efficient—these business-like terms seem the mots justes-need not be insisted upon. On the other hand, both Mr. Baumer (392) and Miss Hawkesley (385) can, in their own different lines, do much better than they have done here; and Miss Elyse Lord's pseudo-Chinese formula (40) is becoming a little threadbare. Mr. J. R. K. Duff's "By the Loch" (438) is characteristic of that conception (438) is characteristic of that conception of art-now démodée-which demanded of the artist not only technical ability but a thorough knowledge of his subject-matter. No living painter understands his subject sheep-better than Mr. Duff.

The Royal Society of British Artists.

Mr. Richard Sickert—who, of course, is Mr. Walter Sickert and almost world-famous as "Sickert" tout court—is now president of this Society. In this present exhibition he occupies a few inches of cubic space in the huge central gallery with a small picture of "The Old Bedford" (282 B) standing isolated on an easel by itself. It looks forlorn. Next year? Well, qui vivra verra; but I should not be surprised if a large number of the members feel apprehensive. On second thoughts I should feel greatly surprised, remembering the experience of the present president's master with the same confraternity. History has a curious habit of repeating itself.

Meanwhile the R.B.A. remains the R.B.A.; in other words, a very mixed show in which the hanging committee has distinguished itself by curious preferences. Amongst the most interesting pictures in the central gallery are Mr. P. F. Millard's "Junior Billiard Room in Boys' Club" (214) and "Gossip" (217); they are manifestly the result of a desire to say something rather than of an ambition to shine before a public. Mr. Padwick's "Old Ford by the Sea" (183), another good picture, strikes one, however, as a little tainted with a desire to look "Early English." Miss M. L. Trench's "Via Rome, Bergamo" (186) is delightful, even more so than her "White Road, Garda" (182), which is pleasing, but a little empty. Mr. Charles Ince's "The Estuary, Low Tide" (274) has, as is usual with this artist, a sense of neatness which attracts by this very quality of tidiness. "Quiet Light on Land and Sea" (277) by Mr. Murray Urquhart, and "Houses on the Cliff" by the same artist, have the feeling of restrained romanticism which their titles imply. At the opposite pole of pictorial romance is Miss Florence M. Asher's cubistic "Beyond the City" (201), very able but more sophisticated. It is a pity Miss Hilda Hechle has allowed herself to be inveigled from her sober mountain landscapes into a feeble attempt to symbolize "Romance and Reality" (199). Mr. A. E. Borthwick's portrait of the "Prince of Wales as Duke of Rothesay, K.T." (208) is excessively dull, as, indeed, quite a majority of competent paintings here suffer from dullness. Want of space forbids further commentary, but the following pictures are amongst the exceptions: A. E. Bottomley's "The Discovery in West India Dock" (195), "The Ivory Shawl" (198) by Miss D. Selous, Mrs. E. Granger-Tayler's "Katie" (207), Mr. Kirkland Jamieson's "A Rocky Valley" (220), Mr. Otway McCannell's "Bruges" (243), Mrs. Stuart Weir's "Iris" (264), Mr. Teng H. Chiu's "The Shieling" (287), Miss Rosalie Emslie's "Orange and Silver" (294). Again, Mr. Chiu's "River near Arundel" (311), remarkable for its evening sky, Mr. Adrian Hill's "Poole, Dorset" (384) and "In the Wood" (44), Mr. Stafford Leeke's "Chinese"-looking drawing "Simplon" (414), and Mr. "Chinese"-looking drawing "Simplon" (414), and Mr. St. John MacCall's very able aquatint "A Market Place, Brittany" (409). Mr. S. S. Longley's "Artemis" (404) and "Endymion" (405) are amusing illustrations. Mr. Joseph Fletcher's "Portrait Study" (108) is unpretentious and convincing. Mr. Handley Read's "Venus in Sussex" (145) would make a good drop-scene.

Mr. Spencer Pryse's Exhibition of Gold Coast and Nigerian Pictures.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the greatest patrons of living artists are the advertisers; and the Empire Marketing Board, as the publicity agents of the British

### Art News and Notes

Empire, are especially to be congratulated for their discrimination in the choice and their generosity in the remuneration of the artists whom they employ for their purposes. One result of this we can see in this exhibition of Mr. Spencer Pryse's paintings made in British West Africa. It is of uncommon interest. Nigeria and the Gold Coast are to most of us names vaguely associated with trade and yellow fever, the black man's Eden and the white man's grave. Mr. Pryse discloses a world full of surprises. It is true we are shown glimpses of pestilential swamps and fever-ridden rivers, but they look—in the absence of moist heat and mosquitoes—here in London not only innocent but mysteriously beautiful. And the

instead of savages, these peoples are the representatives of an African culture leading back to that of ancient Egypt, and opening up the question whether the land of the Pharaohs was possibly the child rather than the father of African civilization. Time and again we are reminded of scenes, actions, of dress, of movement which we know from Egyptian wall-paintings and wood sculpture. Even the architecture—though its method of construction may, as the artist tells us, in principle resemble that of reinforced concrete and therefore appear almost futuristically modern—has obvious affinities with Egyptian buildings. At other times we are conscious of a different stream of civilization, that of the Crusades. Not only do the Emirs' bodyguards



THE BATTLEFIELD AT YPRES By Sir David Y. Cameron, R.A.

Courtesy of Imperial War Museum

natives, too, are here discovered to be very different from our notion of niggers. It would require the knowledge of an ethnologist to distinguish between the various tribes and races, but some of them at least appear to be strangely, even romantically, beautiful. The Fulani, for example, of whom the artist tells us that they are "a light-brown, aquiline race—one of the most mysterious in Africa. The rulers of Katsini, Sokoto, Kano, are all of Fulani descent. Over a century ago the Fulani deposed the Hausa Emirs everywhere, and have since remained in power. Generally speaking, the court and immediate bodyguard are of Fulani blood. The greater part of the Fulani tribesmen, however, remain simple pagan shepherds, though they will come a hundred miles at the bidding of their kinsmen in the Emirates. According to one theory, the Fulani are descended from the ancient Shepherd Kings."

Every sentence here throws a light on what is, for most of us Europeans, complete darkness, and in the same way Mr. Pryse's paintings are illuminating. We realize that,

still wear chain mail, but the method of its manufacture an actual example is also on exhibition—suggests that it is centuries old and may have come down from the Crusaders.

That this collection of paintings, which is now on its way to Denmark, should become national property and go to the Imperial Institute is certain; but, on the other hand, it seems a pity that such a destination would tend to obscure the distinctly æsthetic values which many, though perhaps not all, possess. It is to be hoped that the artist will find himself compelled by an "inner necessity" to turn his experiences into more purely pictorial and æsthetic moulds. As it is, such paintings as, amongst the landscapes, "The African Manganese Company's Mining Camp at Nsuta," "Tokoradi from the Garden of the Resident Engineer," "The Juju Rock at Jebba"—amongst the figure-subjects, the magnificent "Zarmini and Ajia," the "Captain Sumah of the Gongola," the "Women at the Well," the "Kumasi'hene," and several others—deserve to hang in a gallery of art.

# Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

By Mark Gertler

Mr. Mark Gertler v. Mrs. Laura Knight at the Leicester Galleries.

These two simultaneous exhibitions are really of quite exceptional interest. The pictures shown in adjoining rooms will seem to many to oppose each other with bitter hostility. Doubtless the visiting public will instinctively divide itself into two camps: the Laura Knights and the Gertler Stosstruppen. Curiously enough, however, the impression we receive here is rather contrary to what one would expect; for whilst, as a general rule, the "modern" pictures look aggressive, there can be little doubt that Laura Knight's paintings are the aggressors, whilst Mr. Gertler's seem here to wear an air of indifference born of the conviction of their innate superiority.

And actually these two artists live in two different worlds. For Mrs. Knight art is already there, all there, outside in Nature, and the artist's problem is how to seize it, how to capture it, how to lay it down on canvas or paper. For Mr. Gertler art is not *there* at all; it is *here*, and by here he would mean inside himself, and his problem is how to make it manifest.

Therefore the position is perfectly clear: for those who believe in the outside forces Mr. Gertler's painting is not art; and for the others, of course, Mrs. Knight's painting is entirely misguided, or, worse still—it has nothing whatever to do with art.

Happily both view-points are occasioned by a misconception of the term art, which is under all conditions only a means to an end—and not the end itself.

Possibly Mr. Gertler aims higher than Mrs. Knight, for he recognizes that canvas and paint cannot imitate Nature, but can create a new reality. Mrs. Knight, however, brings so much power of observation to bear upon Nature and has, at the same time, so much skill

that she can make her illusion appear stronger than Nature, at all events to the casual observer. Mrs. Knight's æsthetic feeling is not highly developed: she has, in the past, like most artists, had to rely on given æsthetic formulæ; consequently she seems only occasionally, and as it were by accident, to hit upon æsthetically satisfying designs, as in a drawing here entitled "Coats, Hats, and Breakfast" (57), but she has always possessed a love of life and rare powers of observation, and an ability to reproduce what she sees, with increasing capacity. As a consequence, her "Madonna of the Cotton Fields" (49) is a work of astounding force. This nigger woman and her baby did not appear like that in Nature, since canvas and paint cannot really counterfeit it; but Mrs. Knight has, after all, achieved the purpose of art, because she makes us see Nature à travers un tempérament. "The Madonna of the Cotton Fields" is more intense than the nigger mother and her baby would appear to the spectator "in Nature." It is only the lowering of intensity which constitutes bad art.

Mr. Gertler's premises are different. He could, if he would, perhaps copy Nature with equal intensity, and years ago he probably would. For a long time, however, he has been searching in quite other directions: he has endeavoured to create an æsthetic unity out of the raw material supplied by Nature. In this show he has triumphantly succeeded. Allowing for the fact that this closely hung assembly of pictures in which red is dominant rather detracts from their effectiveness, it must be conceded that he shows himself as a modernist of the highest rank, equal to any of the Frenchmen who have recently gained so much appreciation in this country. In design, in colour, in technique, they are his own and for the most part intensely satisfying: for the most part, but one reservation has to be made. Modern conceptions in art have so far led to really satisfying results only in still-life, and sometimes, though more rarely, in landscape; figure-subjects are never as satisfying, and when the figure is particularized and becomes portraiture the result becomes satisfying in the degree in which the modernist principles are sacrificed. This is eminently true of Mr. Gertler's art. His portrait of his mother, of 1924 (91), is exceedingly good, but it is also the least "modern" of his paintings here; his other portraits—for instance, "Mrs. John Mavrogordato" (75)—cannot compare for aesthetic satisfaction with any of his still-lifes. That at least is "how it strikes a contemporary." "La vraie science et le vrai étude de l'homme, c'est l'homme." That applies to art as well. If Mr. Gertler's æsthetic sensibility is greater than Mrs. Knight's-which I think cannot be gainsaidit must also be admitted that he has, with the majority of his colleagues, failed to prove that æsthetics are selfsufficient. On that score Mrs. Knight, with her "Madonna" and even her "Mr. Johns of Mousehole," can hold her own, even against so formidable an antagonist as

The Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours.

The present exhibition hardly differs from its immediate or, for that matter, from its earlier predecessors. The Society maintains its standard fairly consistently, although there are exceptions. Mr. Gerald Moira's "Flooded Stream" (226), for example, looks, with its broad, full-blooded body colours, out of its element here. The majority of works, however, are in the orthodox convention of English watercolour drawing, with a sprinkling of

slightly heretic and more exciting conceptions. Amongst the former the following may be singled out as typical: Mr. Henry Rushbury's "Kersey" (5), Mr. Henry A. Payne's "The Morning" (10), Sir George Clausen's "Autumn Afternoon" (21), Mr. Lamorna Birch's "Drift Valley" (23), Mr. Reginald Smith's "Sheepfold" (33), Mr. Robert Allan's "Near Dordrecht, Holland" (107), the President's Sir Herbert Hughes-Stanton's "Haut de Cagnes" (152), which is æsthetically preferable to his much more ambitious "St. Paul du Var—Sunset" (29), Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Evening Calm—Etaples" (191), a most pleasant example of his manner, and Mr. Arthur Rackham's "Under the Beech Tree" (178), a pleasantly literary subject of the kind which is so dear to the public.

Amongst the less conventional work Sir Charles Holmes leads with his several contributions, but notably with "Austwick Fells" (17) and "Perryghent from Stainforth" (125), which are conspicuously well designed, distinguished in colour, and of commendable simplicity. Personality expresses itself strongly and agreeably—as usual—in Mr. Hartrick's work, notably in "Fishing Boats Running for Shelter" (144) and the slight but attractive "Minor Tragedy" (18). Of Mr. Harry Morley's watercolcurs, "Circus People" (3) and "Orvieto" (139) have more appeal than his Pre-Raphaelitish "Apple" (162). Francis Dodd's honest "Kennington Lane" (40) also stands out, as does Mr. Charles Gere's very differently painted "Passing Storm" (47). Mr. Russell Flint's amazing skill deserves, I think, less superficial subject-matter than he is wont to use as pegs for its display. Mr. Job Nixon's drawings, especially "Italian Festa" (212) and "Feeding Chickens" (119), furnish the "modern" note which is otherwise conspicuously absent; whilst on the other hand

representatives of a much older generation, such as Mr. Albert Goodwin with his "Lincoln, with Trumpets also and Shawms" (58), and Mme. Clara Montalba, with her "fterglow" (100), merit a gesture of respect, as does Mr. James Paterson with his perhaps all-too-impressionistic "Underwoods" (76).

Watercolours by Ronald Gray at Messrs. Colnaghi's Galleries.

This small exhibition of Mr. Ronald Gray's watercolours proves him to be an accomplished watercolourist with affinities with Wilson Steer and Russell Flint. He has, in other words, a light touch, a sense of sun and air, and a selective capacity which enables him to suggest much with few means. "Tenby Harbour" (3), "Bathers, Tenby" (12), and "St. Catherine's Rock" (14) are typical of his best work.

F. L. Griggs's Complete Etched Work at Messrs. Colnaghi's Galleries.

The complete or almost complete œuvre of Mr. Griggs, on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's Galleries, is likely to have caused some misgiving in the minds of those who cherish



THE MADONNA OF THE COTTON FIELDS

By Mrs. Laura Knight

Leicester Galleries

set theories about the true nature of etching. Mr. Griggs's enchanting plates are highly wrought, minutely finished, and void of all spontaneity; in other words, they have qualities which are anathema to those who hold that etchings should be spontaneous and simple and, as it were, written with calligraphic lines. Comparisons of Mr. Griggs's with Samuel Palmer's work have forced themselves upon everyone familiar with this now "old master" of etching; but the similarity is more apparent than real, both as regards their technique and their temperament. Palmer was a painter who felt Nature in terms of colour and whose etchings represent his struggle to translate its potent charms into black and white. Mr. Griggs began as an architect and has never abandoned the architect's point of view; his entire art is dependent upon architectural line and the alluring qualities of hewn or moulded stone. He too, however, is a romantic, a Gothicist, and never more delightful than when his subjects are freely invented.

That his plates represent a colossal amount of work, and done with corresponding effort, is evident not only from the slowness of his output but also from his habit of

## Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

exploiting the same *motif* in different ways, by addition and subtraction. "Minsden Episcopi" and "Palace Farm," for example, are variations of the same subject. The several states of "St. Maur's Farm" represent additions to the sky which becomes more and more Palmeresque; on the other hand, "Linn Bridge" is, as it were, a subtraction from "The Pool."

Mr. Griggs's elaborations, intended to make his subjects more pictorial, are, it seems to me, not always improvements. The unfinished "Minster," with its sense of bareness, has for that very reason an individuality and an attraction which the later finished stages with the dark foreground lack, and the quaint Gothic lettering on "St. Botolph's, Boston" in its early states is more distinguished than the picturesque details of the flying birds and the landscape of the later states.

The fact is that Mr. Griggs's natural bent is illustration; that is to say, the association of the picture with the printed page, with which it shares a "common greyness" and an architectural unity such as is absent from the work of the spontaneous etcher.

### Mr. Jack B. Yeats at Messrs. Arthur Tooth's Galleries.

There were signs last year that Mr. Jack Yeats would forswear painting as an art and use it purely as a medium for expression much as common mortals use speech. This year he has gone "the whole hog"; there is only one little painting here that proves that he ever learnt the craft, "Sunday Walk" (5); all the rest are committed to canvas as if Giotto or Van Eyck, Titian or Rembrandt, Vermeer or Velazquez had never existed; as if technique, craftsmanship were as unnecessary to the artist as grammar is to the Cockney. And, of course, he could prove-supposing him to hold such views-that speech is far more important than grammar; that the thought or the emotion is of far greater significance than the form of its utterance. Now, although a latter-day Ruskin might, vis-à-vis Mr. Yeats, be tempted to revive the gibe of the coxcomb and the flinging of a pot of paint—for there is no getting away from the plain fact that these paintings look horribly messy-yet Whistler and Mr. Yeats are poles asunder. Whistler was a fanatical believer in the beauty of paint; Mr. Yeats is a fanatical worshipper of life. His pictures are records of emotional experiences: thrills preserved in oils. One need only to recall some of his titles to understand his mentality: "Ice Cream at Woolworth's," "Man in the Train, Thinking," "Buoy, Sligo," "Train through the Wood," "No. 1 Ferry—Dinner Hour," and so forth. Thrills, thrills-that came unasked, unsought for, and shook him into spontaneous action. Van Gogh's experience was probably similar, though the results differ. At all events, these paintings mean a great deal to the artist; and in such pictures as the already mentioned "Buoy,"
"Train through the Wood," also in "Lingering Sun" and "Romeo and Juliet," one catches an echo of his emotion and thrills in sympathy. For the most part, however, Mr. Yeats ill-uses his medium so cruelly that lovers of fine painting can hardly recover from the shock of his utterance sufficiently to appreciate its fine colour and fundamental sense. In other words, Mr. Yeats, in his anxiety to have done with preciousness and æsthetic affectations, has-in my opinion-over-reached himself.



BRITTANY LANDSCAPE Cedric Morris

N.essrs. Tooth's Galleries

Mr. Ralph Keene informs us that he has now opened at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons' Galleries a Modern Salon for the permanent show of the following contemporary English artists: Matthew Smith, Maurice Lambert, Ben Nicholson, John Armstrong, Cedric Morris, Christopher Wood, Winifred Nicholson, Richard Wyndham, and W. Staite Murray. Our illustration refers to a special exhibition of Mr. Cedric Morris's work which will take place during this month.

### The L.N.E.R. Poster Exhibition.

It is a mistake to suppose that poster art is separated from the fine arts, or that the rules which apply to the painting of pictures are elementally different from those which govern the design of posters. The qualities peculiar to posters constitute limitations under which the design has to be produced, and the successful observance of these limitations makes just as certainly for fine art as the limitations imposed upon the painter from outside forces such as the idiosyncrasies of his patron or the conditions of the architect.

The principal limitations imposed upon the poster designer are fourfold: a poster should attract the eye, inform the mind almost instantaneously, and in so doing awaken a sense of pleasure—or cause, at least, no displeasure.

Applying this test to this interesting collection of posters, we must give the palm, without hesitation, to A. M. Cassandre's "The Continent via Harwich" (62). It is a kind of "portmanteau" picture, combining steamships and railway engine in an agreeably startling and fully informative manner.

Next in value are probably Tom Purvis's posters—although he does not always solve the problem of simplification in an æsthetically satisfying manner. "The Adventuress," his most attractive poster and one that probably has the greatest popular appeal—it represents a tiny girl blowing up her swimming "wings"—is a little deficient in informative value, for it is as typical of the

South or the West as of the East coast; but his "Norfolk Broads" is in every sense satisfactory. It is to be noticed that here the blacks in the picture and those of the lettering form a fairly homogeneous whole. The lettering, however, nearly everywhere fights with the picture design. In respect of homogeneity, Mr. Brangwyn's posters are exemplary. Owing to the fact that the design and the lettering are drawn directly on the stone, his posters are more satisfying, æsthetically, than any of the others, though it is probable that their restrained colour will not attract the eye sufficiently. Mr. Fred Taylor's elaborate and enormously skilful townscapes suffer from the depressingly grey borders and the unsympathetic lettering, and also from the use of black instead of a less simple "colour." For such reasons "Locomotion No. 1," a design in black and buff only, is æsthetically more satisfactory than the (in themselves) much more delightful "Ipswich" (26), "York" (29), "Durham delightful "Ipswich" (26), Castle " (35).

There are also a number of booklet designs worthy of note, especially those of Miss Frida Lingstrom.

One could continue to comment upon the various problems offered by this interesting collection of posters; it must suffice to compliment the L.N.E.R. on its enterprise and to express the hope that artists and printers will not relax their efforts to improve the æsthetic quality of poster art without detriment to its fundamental purpose.

Messrs. Henry Dixon, Hyam Myer, Paul Methuen and James Holland at the Warren Gallery; Mrs. Jean Clark and Mr. Ralph Fisher Skelton at the Twenty-One Gallery.

There is a tendency abroad—and has been since Matisse first came upon the scene—to look upon youthfulness as a virtue: to be young, to see with the eyes of a child, a child in years or a child in mind, is regarded as a merit. It is nothing of the kind. It may be a "bit of luck"-Mozart was probably the luckiest of all artists in that respect, for he began when he was four; but at the other end we have the case of Verdi, who produced his best work when he was eighty-also by a bit of luck. At all events, we know less than nothing about the relation of age to artistry. Such extreme cases apart, however, it is reasonable to assume that youth, lacking necessarily in experience, must produce work of less value than the mind taught by experience. This assumption would explain the "same-ish," inferior quality of the plethora of youthful work with which the exhibition-going public is being surfeited. It is not as if these artists lacked talent—experience shows that talent is much more widespread and frequent than one generally takes for granted-but that the youthful artist does not know how to apply it because he has no vital substance with which to back it up. Messrs. Henry Dixon, Hyam Myer, Paul Methuen and James Holland are all talented, and I believe all very young. Also they are all "modern"; which means that they trust theories derived from Paris studios more than their own feelings; it also means that they succeed best with still-life.

Much the same applies also to the work of Mrs. Jean Clark, whose "Checkered Cloth" (11) is far and away the most satisfying of her pictures. Mr. Skelton's able but rather commonplace portraits in oil are reinforced by a series of quite admirable pencil drawings of which the "Old Lapplander" (43) is a brilliant example.

### THE LATE SIR WHITWORTH WALLIS

The well-known Birmingham artist, Mr. Joseph Southall, was commissioned by a body of subscribers to paint the portrait of its late keeper for presentation to the Birmingham Gallery. At the sitter's own request the portrait was painted in tempera, a now somewhat unusual medium for such purposes, but of which the painter is one of our leading exponents, and which, moreover, seems especially appropriate in this case of a somewhat unusual man.

The late Sir Whitworth Wallis was born in 1855, and from 1879 to 1881 he was in charge of the Bethnal Green Museum. In 1885, when the Birmingham Municipal Gallery was established, he was appointed its first keeper, a position which he held till the day of his ceath in January



THE LATE SIR WHITWORTH WALLIS, F.S.A., A.R.W.S.

By Joseph Southall

1927. He was created a knight in 1912. From the beginning he set out to make a first-rate collection of the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, and particularly of Burne-Jones. In this task Sir Whitworth Wallis was eminently successful. His interest in classic art—he lectured extensively on Pompeii and Sicily—prompted him to start a collection of architecture, sculpture, and other arts and crafts with valuable fragments of architectural sculpture and other forms of applied art from Italy.

While others have made notable contributions, it is mainly due to him that the gallery is what it is today. He continued his work when his health was in a precarious state, and had just carried through one of a notable and useful series of loan exhibitions when death overtook him. He died in harness, as no doubt he would have wished to

do, and Birmingham will always have reason to be grateful for his work.

Mr. Southall's characteristic portrait was begun in 1926, and Sir Whitworth Wallis asked him especially to include a view of the gallery in the background. The picture was barely finished when he died.

The Manuscript of "Alice"-Sentiment versus Cash.

The illustrated manuscript of Lewis Carroll's "Alice" —the title-page of which is reproduced on page 235has fetched £15,400; let us put it down in plain figures thus: FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS STERLING. The American purchaser has kindly offered it to the British Museum at the price he gave for it, or, rather less, and the Museum authorities have rightly refused it. The manuscript is intrinsically no more than so much waste paper. Even its artistic worth is a minus quantity, though the written text is slightly better than the illustrations. Its only value is that of sentiment. But how can one appraise sentiment in pounds, shillings, and pence, and should one, as a matter of ethics, barter cash for sentiment? If the British nation, as such, has any sentiment to spare it might employ the sum in question to a more logical purpose, and to one more in consonance with the author's manifest intention. Why not, for example, send some "dear child" to the seaside and let it, like Alice, have cause to remember with gratitude all its life "A Summer Day." The sum would suffice to make at least thirty thousand eight hundred poor children happy. Moreover, Dr. Rosenbach could give an additional millionaire the great happiness of paying an enormous price for something unique.



TWILIGHT: PYRENÉES—ORIENTALES J. D. Innes

Leicester Galleries

Our illustration above is from a picture in the Memorial Exhibition of J. D. Innes now on view at the Leicester Galleries. J. D. Innes's career as a painter was extraordinarily short. He was only in his twenty-seventh year when he died, but with a period of only seven years—he began to exhibit in 1907, in the "New English"—his strong personality made itself quickly felt. Like Augustus John, with whom he associated a great deal, he was born in Wales, though he was half Spanish in blood. Add to this mixture of temperament and environment the influence of the Japanese colour-print, and the peculiar individuality and vitality of his art is somewhat accounted for.

In Memoriam Spencer F. Gore.

From the information and analytical preface to the catalogue of the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of the late Spencer F. Gore's work, written by Mr. J. B. Manson, one of this prematurely deceased artist's early associates, we guete the following:

we quote the following:

"The death of Spencer F. Gore in 1914, at the early age of 36, and when the fine flower of his achievement had only just reached perfection, meant a great loss to English art. For Gore was an artist, both analytical and creative, of a type that is particularly rare in England; with a deep, emotional reaction and the power to control intellectually, which operated constantly, without detriment to the purity of his art, and with a saving of effort. He was also an originator; not in the flimsy modern sense, where the ingenious cultivation of peculiarity is regarded as the revelation of personality.

"Gore's originality was the fruit of feeling and reflection, inquiry and constant practice. It developed from one phase of his work to another. And the stages of his development are very clearly defined and very consistent. He sowed hardly any artistic 'wild oats'; he improved his crop steadily, and he died in the midst of his final, finest harvest."

See also plate facing page 238.

Exhibition of Fifty Etchings by Five American Artists at the Rooms of B. F. Stevens and Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

Of this little group of American etchers, Mr. Chamberlain is easily the most expert and also, perhaps, nearest in spirit to the at present most popular section of English craftsmen. His French training is discernible in such plates as "A Side-Street in Beauvais" and "The Veterans," which have less of the architectural than of a romantic feeling, and remind one somehow of Gustave Doré. His best plate here is undoubtedly "Petite Venise, Colmar," a capital combination of fine detail and tone work. Nearest to him in architectural style, though not at all in subject, is Mr. George C. Wales, with his "Prints of Ships," a series of plates illustrating sailing vessels in action. With the exception of the decorative and dramatic "' The Mary Pollock '—dismantled and waterlogged "—its parallel whipcords of rain are an idea successfully purloined from Japanhis small plates, distinguished by delicate open lines, are the most successful. Mr. Martin Lewis, who is of English origin, approaches his craft from a very different anglethat of the painter. His plates render the effects of light and atmosphere, of sunshine, wind, and rain by means of bold and massive contrasts. "Rain," a windswept land-scape, is especially praiseworthy. Mr. Warren Davis's figure compositions and studies of young girls in the nude or lightly draped are sure to have a popular appeal—they are what is generally called "dainty." He plays ingratiatingly with contour lines which, however, are not quite as impeccable as-no doubt-he would have us believe. The fifth member of the group appeals to me most. We learn from the catalogue that he is "self-educated and selftaught in etching and painting and acts as guide to tourists during summer months." Technically his work is as simple and straightforward as one would, in such circumstances, expect. With faint and no doubt unconscious affinities to Seymour Haden's manner, his plates look as if done from an inner necessity rather than for the purpose of competing in the etching market. "Trailing Sheep," "Mallards at Dusk," and a good still-life composition, "After the Hunt," may be singled out as especially satisfying.

